JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 52. SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Bull's Eyes.

Letter Bag. Racing Notes, etc.

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MAZAWATTEE TEA.

GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

No Underwriting Commission has been, or will be, paid by the Company on any part of this Issue.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies. Filed May 14, 1907.

The Subscription list will close on Monday, June 3, 1907.

SACCHAROSE LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862—1900.

CAPITAL £5,000

(DIVIDED INTO 5,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.

of which 2,500 Shares of £1 each are now offered for Subscription.

Payable: 5s. on Application, 10s. on Allotment, and the balance as may be required by the Company.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE W. GILLBANKS, Victoria Buildings, Bury, Lancashire (Chemical Manufacturer).

HARRY D. GILLBANKS, 5, Canning Street, Bury, Lancashire (Company Secretary).

FRED. LORD, 374, Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancashire (Salesman).

(Two other Directors to be appointed at the Statutory Meeting.)

AUDITOR.—JAMES MOORE, Union Street, Bury.

SOLICITOR.—GEORGE CLOUGH, Sawley Chambers, Bury.

BANKERS.—THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, LTD., BURY.

REGISTERED OFFICE.—VICTORIA BUILDINGS, BURY.

SECRETARY (PRO TEM.).—FRED LORD.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of taking over, as going concerns, the Saccharose Manufacturing Company and the Union Chemical Company, of Bury and Radcliffe respectively, as Manufacturers of Chemical Products and Sweeteners, and to extend and develop those businesses.

Saccharose, Sugarine, and Excelsis are Chemical Sweeteners used for the purpose of substituting sugar in the manufacture of mineral waters, botanical brewed drinks, and important sundry other trades. Owing to their great sweetening power, their density, and the excellence of the resulting syrups, they constitute, in the opinion of the Vendor, the final solution of the sweetening problem.

Consumers of these products effect a saving of about 40 per cent.

These scientific products have been on the market since 1905, and have met with extraordinary success, the sales having constantly and progressively increased. That they give the greatest possible satisfaction is most conclusively proved by the large number of repeat orders received from the mineral water trade.

It is a fact that the Company take over contracts estimated at £570.

The business already done does not represent one-fifteenth of the possible trade of the United Kingdom, and it has been utterly impossible for the inventor of these remarkable products to give the attention necessary to what promises to be a most extensive and profitable field of operations.

The experience of the Vendor is that he is on the threshold of a great and important development, and, notwithstanding the profits which have accrued to him since the foundation of the business, having regard to the future, he has decided to transfer his business to a Limited Liability Company with the necessary capital for development, in which he will be the Managing Director, and take an active interest.

The price to be paid by the Company to the Vendor for the Property, Secret Processes, Trade Marks, etc., acquired by them is £2,750, and is payable in cash. This sum includes £173 15s. 6d., which is to be paid for the good-will.

The audited accounts of the businesses for the twenty months ended January 22nd, 1907, show a profit of £1,545 4s. 10d., which, on the capital employed, is a remarkable percentage.

With additional capital to adequately work the business, it is confidently expected that the coming trade will far exceed these results. If, for instance, the trade for the present year should equal that of the past twenty months (which is a very moderate estimate, seeing that the period mentioned includes two winters) the estimated profits for the current year would be £1,500.

The total amount of capital required will be, say, £3,000, whilst the total expenses are not expected to exceed £350 per annum.

Already 2,500 Shares, on which 15s. per Share has been called, have been allotted, and, up to the present, the Vendor has taken up 715 Shares, all of which have been paid for in cash.

The following are the provisions of the Articles of Association as to the qualification and remuneration of Directors:

The qualification of every Director shall be the holding in his own right and as sole holder of Shares or Stock of the Company to the nominal value of not less than fifty pounds.

The remuneration of the Directors shall be fixed by the shareholders in general meeting.

The first Managing Director of the Company shall be George W. Gillbanks, at a salary of two hundred pounds per annum.

A contract has been entered into between the Vendor (George W. Gillbanks) and the Company, dated the 9th day of March, 1907, by which the Company will acquire as and from the 23rd days of January, 1907, the whole of the Vendor's Secret Processes, Registered Trade Marks, Plant, Stock-in-Trade, Book Debts, and Businesses, and by which the said George W. Gillbanks is to serve the Company as Managing Director for the term of five years from the 23rd day of January, 1907. The said George W. Gillbanks further engages himself not to interest himself in any way in competition against the Company for the space of five years after the termination of the last-mentioned Agreement.

Copies of the Articles of Association, of the Contract, and Audited Accounts above referred to, can be seen at the Office of the Company between the hours of eleven and four on any day until the Subscription List is closed.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying this Prospectus, and forwarded with a cheque for the amount payable on application to the Secretary of the Company at the Registered Office.

The Directors will not proceed to allotment unless 10 per cent. of this issue is subscribed for.

The Directors reserve to themselves the right to refuse any application for Shares.

Dated the 14th day of May, 1907.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF

SACCHAROSE, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to you the sum of £....., being a deposit of £... per Share on ..... Shares in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the further sum of ... per Share on allotment, and such further sums as may be required, and authorise you to enter my name as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full).....

Address .....

Description .....

Date .....

Signature .....

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. II. No. 52. Saturday, June 1st, 1907. One Penny.

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All business communications to be addressed to the Publisher, JOHN BULL, *4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.*

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
MATINEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, at 2 (doors open, 1.40).
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

ALHAMBRA.—"QUEEN OF SPADES," New Ballet.
Mlle. Alexis (danseuse de genre).
MARIA VINENT. MILLMAN TRIO. "L'AMOUR."
URBANORA, Etc.
Doors 7.45. Manager, George Scott.

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2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
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C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

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BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A reminder. Our next issue will be our Birthday Number. We shall be a year old. It will be double our ordinary size, but, of course, much of the extra space will be occupied by advertisements. Readers must not, however, mind that, as we do not pretend to be a missionary organ. We are a commercial enterprise. Our first object is to make the journal pay—otherwise we could not keep it going. But there will be one or two new and special features, not the least interesting of which will be—but that would be discounting the prospects of our sale. So we will say no more at present, except to ask every reader to order his copy in good time. It may even be worth while to order two.

When will our contemporaries cease to talk nonsense about Mr. Chamberlain? We have repeatedly stated the bald and painful fact that the public career of the right hon. gentleman is finished, and, much against our inclination, we have disclosed the real truth about his health—considering it right in the public interest that it should be known. Now we have the *Evening News* of Friday last purporting to give special and exclusive information as the result of a visit of its representative to Mr. Chamberlain's Riviera retreat. It is obvious that our contemporary is still desirous of misleading the public. "It is a question, indeed," we are told, "whether he will re-enter public life for a year yet." Let us remind our readers that, on the authority of members of Mr. Chamberlain's own family, there was no reason why he should not have attended a demonstration in the Midlands in October last; then, that, acting on medical advice, he had decided not to come to the House till after Easter; and then, till after Whitsun. Why all this nonsense and humbug?

Let us read between the lines of the *Evening News* report. It appears that Mr. Chamberlain is about to leave St. Raphael, and that "an illiterate carrier has been engaged to convey the luggage, in order that he should not be able to read the address written on the labels." Then we are told "a polite refusal awaits even the most distinguished persons who call to see the right hon. gentleman." This is not all: "There is a sentinel stationed day and night at a window above the portico, in full view of the carriage drive, who advises the family of the approach of any stranger." Again we read, "his two daughters always give him loving assistance, one on each side helping him as he walks along, though he occasionally relies on his staff." Further, that "he is at present living on a purely vegetable diet." And to crown all these ominous and gruesome statements, the *Evening News* assures its readers, on the authority of Mrs. Chamberlain, that the right hon. gentleman "is making satisfactory progress"! Progress whither? Certainly not, we deeply regret to say, to the House of Commons.

It was not to be expected that the *Daily Mail* would take its castigation from Mr. Churchill "lying down." It has promptly resorted to the obvious device of refreshing the public memory with a few of the more striking incidents in the meteoric and protean political career of the Colonial Under-Secretary. Mr. Churchill, of course, cannot complain. All is fair in love and war and party politics—and, as a matter of tactics, Mr. Churchill made a mistake in challenging the limelight at this early stage in his Liberal career. The first and ruling principle of every party leader should always be to give the public time to forget.

Mr. Churchill has made two other mistakes. First, it was an unfortunate oversight that he did not give Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., notice of his intention to attack the *Daily Mail* and its chief proprietor; secondly, it was a bit of a "bloomer" to describe "C.-B." as a hall porter! Nothing unkinder of the genial Prime Minister has ever been said. Besides, the phrase may come home to roost. Hall porters not only let people in—they sometimes keep them out. Mr. Churchill is a brilliant young Minister, and we can understand his impatience with some of his dismal colleagues—but we must not spoil him.

How Time is sifting the Parliamentary wheat from the chaff! Apparently, it takes a couple of years for a new Parliament to find its level. We have already named a handful of Tories as likely to survive this levelling process, and when we turn to the Liberal benches the elimination is even more striking. Nearly

all the faddists and bores are already settled; the prigs are dying harder—but they are going; the cranks are collapsing, and the Mediocrities and Respectables are going to sleep. The official silencing of Dr. Macnamara (for he never gets a chance now) has removed one of the best of our "likely half dozen" future political winners, and we are unable to complete the list at present, the form is so unreliable.

We read that the raffling of Bibles, in accordance with the provisions of the Wilde's Charity, in connection with the Parish Church of St. Ives, Hunts, has just taken place, and that three boys and three girls were winners. On the face of it, the result seems equitable and just, but what about instilling in the youthful mind the principles of gambling?

This is the sort of thing we shall be reading next :—

Disgraceful Scene at the Colonial Office.

Daily Mail: "It is an undoubted fact that at the close of the Conference Lord Elgin was so carried away by his fanatical hatred of our Colonial brethren that he kicked Mr. Deakin down the stairs of the Colonial Office."

The Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs: "The statement in the *Daily Mail* is, of course, a malignant untruth. At the close of the Conference Lord Elgin escorted Mr. Deakin down stairs, and they parted on perfectly friendly terms."

Daily Mail: "Mr. Winston Churchill, who is an authority on malignant untruths, brings an abominable accusation against the *Daily Mail*. Our readers, who know that our motto has always been 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' will understand what importance to attach to it. Yet even Mr. Churchill's contradiction confirms our statement. Note the phrase, 'they parted on perfectly friendly terms.' Does not this imply that their progress down the stairs was unfriendly? Our special representative has interviewed Mr. Deakin, who made this guarded statement—'I was not kicked downstairs.' Could anything give a stronger confirmation to our news than Mr. Deakin's sardonic avowal that the Colonial Secretary, though having the will, had not the power to precipitate a sturdy Colonial down the office stairs? Will Mr. Winston Churchill have the good manners to apologise to the *Daily Mail* for his base slanders? We doubt it."

We are very proud of our police force, and not least of the City branch of it. They are fine chaps—cool-headed and good-natured, and the admiration of Continental visitors. But they are sometimes placed in unfair positions by those in authority over them. We refer especially to the system of setting "traps" to catch licensed victuallers and bookmakers. Recently there was a case in which two constables had been made to disguise themselves as women and to drive about in a cab to watch an alleged street bookmaker. We said at the time that they ought to have been given into custody for loitering for an immoral purpose, and we think so still. Now we read of a City policeman dressing in plain clothes on a Sunday, and, armed with a "fish bag," endeavouring to trap a respectable publican into serving drink during prohibited hours.

It was a monstrous case, and is well worth recording. A Mr. Philip Ersbach is the licensee of the "Britannia," on Fish Street Hill. He is, apparently, a most respectable man, and has been only six months in the business. So careful, however, is he to conduct his house properly and to obey the law, that it is his custom to stand at his door during prohibited time, and before admitting any "bonâ-fide traveller," to demand his address, and then, if satisfied, hand him a ticket. In this way up came the disguised bobby, with fish-bag in hand, asking to be served. "Where do you come from?" queried the careful landlord. "Dalston," was the reply. Now the nearest point of Dalston to the "Britannia" is two and a half miles, whilst much of it is well over the three-mile limit. The landlord says that he then asked, "Which side?" and was told "The other," before giving the ticket. But in any case it was a mean, despicable trick, deliberately designed to entrap an innocent, respectable, and cautious tradesman, and we are not surprised that the summons was dismissed. Such methods are un-English. They are an insult to the self-respect of the force, and a peril to the liberty of the subject. Men like Mr. Ersbach should be encouraged to remain in the trade—not persecuted and hounded out of it.

Then, look at the way certain magistrates act towards the licensed victualler. Here we have old Admiral Field, as chairman of the Fareham Sessions, "forbidding" the serving of Portsmouth excursionists, however bonâ-fide they may be as "travellers," because, forsooth, a party of them misconducted themselves some three years ago! What earthly right has Admiral Field, or anyone else, to issue any such edict? When *will* our temperance friends learn that the very best way to promote drunkenness is to frighten all the best men out of the licensed trade?

And so the Irish Convention has kicked Mr. Birrell's Bill downstairs. Rome Rule has proved the real enemy of Home Rule. It is a nasty blow for the Government, and should teach them the lesson they should have learnt over the education fiasco, i.e., that in legislation it is dangerous to try and please both sides. It was a milk-and-water measure, and the Roseberian section of the Cabinet had obviously put in the water. What will be the outcome? "C.-B." dare not propose Home Rule, and the Irish Party dare not accept anything which is not either Home Rule, or a direct and deliberate step towards it. In these circumstances, we look for an abrupt termination to the always guarded flirtation which has been going on between Mr. Redmond and the Prime Minister for the past eighteen months. Poor C.-B.! We can understand him beginning to reflect that he would rather be a door-keeper—or hall-porter Mr. Churchill would say—in the House of Lords than dwell any longer in the turmoil of the Commons. Who knows, by the way, but that his great scheme for the reform of the Upper House may not be to go there himself? As a very worldly minister once said, the salary is the same and the hours are shorter.

How many members there are of the present Parliament who are already looking forward to the next General Election with the intention of throwing up the position. One of them said to us the other day, "I would never have thought of standing if I had known that there was the smallest chance of my getting in." Poor chap!

Recently Mr. Theodore Dahle included in his "Hurly Burly" what the *Methodist Recorder* describes as a "sprightly article" on the subject of our contemporary's yearning for a Methodist hagiology. "Humbly, reverently, and with all willingness to leave the question open for discussion," Mr. Dahle nominated the Editor of the *Methodist Recorder* to head the new list of saints. Much to our regret the reverend gentleman declines the radiant glory. "For a moment," he says, "the goblet has been pressed to our lips, but we must spill the nectar on the ground." Let it be clearly understood, however, that what Mr. Dahle offered was not a goblet, but a halo, assuming, no doubt, that it would be against the principles of our revered contemporary to look upon the wine when it is red, or upon the whisky when it is Scotch. It need not be said that we admire his magnificent restraint in this respect, and if the Editor of the *Methodist Recorder* has spilled any nectar, we have the assurance of the writer of the "Hurly Burly" that he did not pay for it. However, should the Editor at any time reconsider his decision to head the Methodist hagiology, we shall be delighted if he will send us the size of his hat. Meanwhile, perhaps he will suggest a substitute for the honour and the glory. How about Mr. Perks? He would look lovely in a halo.

The Westminster Board of Guardians have recently paid 5s. 11d. for the repair of a chair which originally cost, when new, two-and-six. It is hoped that this daring example of economy is not characteristic of the Board, or one of these days they will be spending twopence for the repair of a penny plate. They have not even the excuse that the chair was a historic relic which it was desirable to preserve for exhibition purposes. We are, therefore, compelled to say that analysis of this financial operation discloses the fact that for 5s. 11d. they could have obtained two new chairs in place of the broken one, and still have had elevenpence in hand—equal to a copy of JOHN BULL for nearly three months. Oh! these wastrels!

"State Aid to the Poultry Industry" is the subject of two papers to be read at the forthcoming National Poultry Conference. "State Aid to the Unwilling British Hen" would be a better title, but possibly the papers will sufficiently cover the ground. We cannot pledge ourselves to State aid, of course, until we know in what direction it is proposed to be applied; but if it will be of any service to the common or back-garden hen in assisting it to do its duty to its country, then a *prima facie* case will be made out on its behalf. A few weeks ago we gave some up-to-date statistics concerning the foreign yolk. The experience of most amateur poultry-keepers in this country is that every new-laid egg costs about ninepence-ha'penny to produce, and this without allowing for wear and tear and depreciation of the hen. Nor does British poultry farming pay as it should, though we are an egg-eating nation. What is the explanation? Does the poultry farmer not know how to feed the bird, or is it constitutionally lazy, or physically incapacitated on account of the climate? We trust the papers to be read at the National Poultry Conference will throw some eggs, or rather some light, on this momentous question.

The bitter cry of the man who sends out his undergarment to be washed still rises to the topmost heavens. Undoubtedly the laundry fiend ought in some way to be exorcised and utterly abolished. Perhaps the London County Council will carefully consider the desirableness of taking in washing as a municipal enterprise in the interests of Londoners who wear shirts. There is no reason to suppose that shirts were less adequately washed and ironed in the dim, remote days when steam laundries were not as they are at present, and it is certain that they lasted longer. The resources of civilisation in the modern laundry include, among other things, chloride of lime. The result is that, after about three operations, a shirt comes out as a rag, *sans* buttonholes, *sans* buttons, and *sans* everything else which makes for use or beauty. The fate of collars is not less appalling. Whether ladies' garments suffer in a similar way we know not, but, if so, the sex has our poignant sympathy in its distress. There is a large field of enterprise for the County Council in any case. If they will build a marble hall, and equip it internally as an anti-chemical laundry, they should be able in a little while to establish a business whose profits could be applied to the reduction of London's burdens. "Municipal Laundries and No Rate!"—let that be the cry.

We have received an appeal from the Semi-Teetotal Pledge Association, an offshoot of the Church of England Temperance Society. Its object is to "discourage the widespread habit of drinking between meals," and to induce "all who cannot see their way to become total abstainers to at least promise to partake of intoxicants only during the midday and evening meals." And this is how it is to be done. You must take a pledge in these terms: "I solemnly undertake, by God's help, to abstain from all intoxicating drink, except at my midday and evening meals." We should have preferred the pledge with the omission of that theological saving clause, and we are not quite sure that "intoxicating" is the best word that could have been chosen. Why not "alcoholic"? No good wine or spirit is "intoxicating," unless taken in very great quantities. But that by the way. We are glad to know that upwards of one hundred thousand persons have signed the pledge, and we hope they keep it. And, above all, we rejoice to hear that the King and the Prince of Wales "are amongst those who have wished the movement 'God speed.'" We desire that our name may be added. We drink to its success—at our evening meal.

Some one has sent us a copy of the April number of the *Anchor*, which is, apparently, the organ of the parish church of St. Clement Danes and Clare Market, of which, we gather, the Rev. J. J. H. Septimus Pennington is the rector. They appear to have been having high jinks. It seems that the rector's daughter has been and gone and got married, and the parishioners—from Clare Market—have been permitted to view "the trophies of affection given to the bride and bridegroom"—in other words, the wedding presents. "Lord love her—she deserves them all!" was the general ejaculation of the spectators. The mothers, too, were accorded a special view, and "so hearty were they in their appreciation and delight that the bridegroom was completely overpowered by their love, *and was obliged to yield to their embraces*, while the rector did not *escape* the fond caresses of his loving sheep and lambs." The italic is our own. It is distinctly good. After this we are not surprised to read that the poor rector has been suffering from "stiffness and pain," but, happily, he has been "immensely relieved by Miss Barnard, a lady connected with King's College Hospital, by her skilful treatment of massage, quite regardless of personal exertion." So complete, indeed, was the cure that the rector at once "took an omnibus to mid-Strand and called at Mr. Snarkie's and had the pleasure of a chat with his wife." Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

Mr. Brennan, the inventor of the Brennan torpedo, has gazed upon the gyroscopic top (sold at all respectable toy shops), and has gained knowledge and inspiration thereby. He has invented a two-wheel car which will move rapidly in equilibrium on a single rail when attached to two gyroscopes revolving in opposite directions. As a means of transit this carriage should be even more exciting than ballooning, but for the present we shall personally rely on the old roads. In course of time, however, others may make the venture on Mr. Brennan's gyroscopic invention, so we hope he has guarded against the tops ceasing to spin between the beginning and end of the car's journey. Supposing they did cease to spin, what would become of the car, and where would the passengers go? What with aeroplanes and gyroscopic trains over our heads, and motor cars and 'buses on the road, the grave seems the only safe place of the future.

We must enter a protest on behalf of the inviolability of our correspondence. In a recent case a post office clerk produced the originals of a number of telegrams. Now we make use of the telegraph service because it is supposed to be quicker than the postal. We should be very indignant if our letters were copied and revealed by officials. Years ago a Postmaster-General named Graham opened suspected letters, and there was a great outcry; the verb "to grahamize" was coined to express this particular meanness, and the practice has been abandoned in most civilised countries. Let us now make it clear that we will not allow our telegrams to be buxtonized.

Some days ago a professional jester wrote to the *Daily Mail* warning all and sundry against a poor, "red-haired girl" who had sold him some scissors. The object of the letter was either to advertise the writer's

sense of new humour or to lament the extravagance of his own charity. For charity it undoubtedly was, the scissors being admittedly sold for the benefit of sick relatives. If Mr. Grossmith had bought scissors at a bazaar he would not have expected to secure them at cost price. Why, therefore, make so hideous a lamentation over his trifling contribution and hound all the other devourers of the halfpenny journals on to entrap the lady of the auburn locks? We suppose the funny man is now shaking his sides over his cleverness in sending a poor, struggling girl to gaol. Why did he not tell us that he was so unhappy about the loss of a few shillings and we would gladly have subscribed a trifle to induce him to stay his hand.

The latest craze is to imitate the gipsies and lumber about the country in what are ignorantly called caravans. For about £15 a month you can hire a "house on wheels," weighing little more than a ton, and wander where you list. We fail to see any advantage in this form of locomotion. It is certainly not speedy or comfortable or invigorating. There must be constant difficulties in obtaining the permission of farmers to desecrate their fields; tramps must be a frequent worry; and the presence or absence of servants must be a perpetual irritation. It is said, however, that persons who take up this mode of life enjoy it immensely, and some uninformed individual has actually recommended caravans for honeymoons!

Alfonso Pio Christino Eduardo Francisco Guillormo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando has now been baptised, and though we are not prepared to say that he enjoyed the ceremony—as a matter of fact he made rather a scream about it—he is still in good health, as it leaves us at present. The officiating ecclesiastic could not get through all the young prince's name in one breath. The baptism rather reminds us of one which, at a previous epoch of history, took place up north. "What name shall I call the child?" questioned the minister. "Thoo can call the kid owt thoo likes," responded the happy parent. "Well," said the minister, "I think Benjamin is a very nice name." "All reet," responded the happy parent. "Call him Ben if it'll please tha," and Benjamin the child was called. Presently the happy father was seen rushing back down the aisle of the church with his wife. "Hey, mister," he shouted to the minister, "Ah'd clean forgotten. Oor Ben's a lass."

The County Council, after all, will not interfere with the enamelled ladies who make statues of themselves in the music-halls, and the agitation will presently fizzle out. But we are not to be misunderstood. There is just as much cant and bunkum about the music-hall managers who claim that these shows of women in classic poses of the altogether are elevating to morals and adorning to art as there is in the assertion of the Grundies, and the Pecksniffs, and the Chadbands, who, having never seen them, denounce them as marking the moral downfall of the nation. The truth is that living statuary is a passing craze into which something of imagination has to be read in order to make it prurient. Probably half the people go to exercise their imagination, while the other half wonder what there is to see in it, and why such a fuss should be made about it. There are people like Mr. Parkinson, late of the London County Council, who some years ago was shocked at the indecency of the Aquarium marionettes—whilst there are others, like Mrs. Wraggles, who look with indifferent contempt upon the noble form of Apollo of Belvedere.

The Colchester Town Council has been much agitated at a discovery of an item of £8 10s. in its accounts for the supply of whisky to their horses during a recent epidemic of influenza. It appears that each animal consumed a bottle and a half of the fiery fluid, with the result that in every case a perfect cure was effected. We should not like to suggest that the medicine was not given them quite neat, although we have heard of the old lady who asked for a quartern of gin to clean the windows with, and, upon being subsequently challenged to produce it, explained that her method was to swallow the gin and breathe on the glass. By the way, are our temperance friends aware that many racehorses are confirmed tipplers? Here's a new field for agitation!

Here is a delicious item from the *War Cry*: "S.P., Bishops Stortford" writes that journal that, "having helped in the cause of Self-Denial, he had earned a blessing on his soul," and that he "realises to-day, as never before, that perfect love casteth out all fear. Glory to God!" And then he continues: "I am still on the two meals—two pennyworth of bread and two pints of skimmed milk (one penny), and I never felt better, spiritually or physically. Able to work from 5 a.m. till 9 p.m. *seven days a week.*" We should like to know what special sacrifice S.P. made during the "Self-Denial Week," and what are the views of the editor of the *War Cry* on the subject of Sunday labour? Is not it about time that such screaming religious hysteria as this should be suppressed?

Ouf! The Colonial Premiers have at last departed, after straining their somewhat exaggerated welcome. As we anticipated, they came prepared to take all and concede nothing; to dictate to us about our internal affairs; and to babble about a small fraction of the Empire as though it were more important than Britain and India put together. A Colonial Conference is now what Mr. Chamberlain would call a fly-blown phylactery, and personally we see no advantage in repeating it.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 280.

For having on sale four days after the birth of the heir to the Spanish throne a "photog aphic" post-card of "King and Queen of Spain and Infant"—the Queen sitting in a chair and the child apparently six months old,

THE ROTARY PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 281.

For sending a policeman to admonish the mother of some children who made a noise in the vicinity of a cat's home,

MR. PLOWDEN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 282.

For stating in his recent book, "In Pastures New," that "three and ten" and "licensed victualler" are up-to-date English for "three pounds and ten shillings" and "caterer" respectively,

MR. GEO. ADE (An American Author)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 283.

For informing its readers that General Botha "speaks English perfectly,"

P.T.O.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 284.

For using the following argument in their advt.: "You would not come to us for oilcloth, furniture, boots, or hosiery, would you?—then use the same good judgment in buying clothing,"

MESSRS. CLAYTON
(Tailors, of 34, Minories, E.C.),
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

A WIZARD OF WORDS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The House of Souls." By Arthur Machen. London: Mrs. Grant Richards. 1906. 6s.
"The Hill of Dreams." By Arthur Machen. London: Mrs. Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.

To say that Mr. Machen possesses individuality would be as insufficient a tribute as to prate of hydrogen in contemplation of a living ocean. No doubt the individuality, like the hydrogen, is the dominant factor. But we are more immediately staggered by the fantastic colours, ever changing to and fro between silver and ink, between deep cobalt and limpid lapis lazuli; by the sound of murmuring ripple and infernal storm; by the form of the retreating breakers and the swelling crests; by the stagnant smell of the sirocco or the acrid colours of a breathless coast. Indeed, he is so heavily charged with oxygen that he sets our brains whirling with mad laughter and suicidal fancies and ghastly dreams.

I have been studying the two books with peculiar care, endeavouring to discover the methods whereby the author procreates his surprising sensations. A certain clue was afforded by comparing "The Great God Pan," as it originally appeared in the *Whirlwind* in 1890, with its present form in "The House of Souls." It has suffered an enormous expansion, owing to Mr. Machen's wealth of ideas and prodigality of words. Some of his additions are superfluous and even confusing; his alterations are in the nature of meticulous polish, and I have come to the conclusion that he would be more popular and natural if he were content to give us his first thoughts, sternly compressed.

His "Hill of Dreams" throws some light upon the previous work. The "Hill of Dreams" might almost be an exaggerated autobiography, a sort of helotry imagined as an awful example for himself if ever he threw the reins to his imagination.

To most readers, no doubt, his dramatic horrors, his wild flights of fancy, his flashes of saturnine humour will mainly appeal. But it is instructive to consider a few of the mysteries of the magic of his words.

> Sometimes the first impression would yield only a paragraph or a sentence, and once or twice but a splendid and sonorous word, which seemed to Lucian all dim and rich with unsurmised adventure. But often he was able to write three or four vivid pages, studying above all things the hint and significance of the words and actions, striving to work into the lines the atmosphere of expectation and promise, and the murmur of wonderful events to come . . . that indefinite something which is scarcely so much style as manner, or atmosphere. . . It was clear that in this art of manner, or suggestion, lay all the chief secrets of literature, that by it all the great miracles were performed.

Elsewhere he says:

> He saw that words have a far higher reason than the utilitarian office of imparting a man's thought. The common notion that language and linked words are important only as a means of expression he found a little ridiculous. . . Language, he understood, was chiefly important for the beauty of its sounds, by its possession of words resonant, glorious to the ear, by its capacity, when exquisitely arranged, of suggesting wonderful and indefinable impressions, perhaps more ravishing and farther removed from the domain of strict thought than the impressions excited by music itself. . . Literature, he reenunciated in his mind, is the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words.

If this be a true definition, then Mr. Machen has certainly mastered the literary art.

Mr. Machen has delved deep into ancient and mediæval lore, sorcery and alchemy, and all the wildest dreams of the mystics. But he has transmuted even his baser metals until the insanest sentences acquire a sort of music of the spheres. Thus: "It was all so still and silent, and the sky was heavy and grey and sad, like a wicked voorish dome in Deep Deudo." Was there ever so flattering a gibberish?

And how he loves to make our flesh creep, to curdle our blood; to whirl and howl like a dervish; to crunch glass and scorpions, and stab or burn himself in the darkness like an Aissawa. The death of the young man in the "novel of the white powder" is perhaps the most characteristic. His doctor had prescribed him a tonic, but the chemist gave him an old drug, which, by the action of the elements, had turned into *vinum Sabbati*, the wine of the Witches' Sabbath. This induced a mysterious exhilaration, but gradually caused the living body to decompose. A "patch as of black fire" appeared on his hand. His face was attacked, and he secluded himself in his room. One day the servant, working in the room below, shrieked with horror as a black, wet stain fell from the ceiling upon her hand. The boy's sister looked up and "saw a patch, all black and wet, and a dew of black drops upon it, and a pool of horrible liquor soaking into the white bed-clothes." She broke into the boy's room.

> There upon the floor was a dark and putrid mass, seething with corruption and hideous rottenness, neither liquid nor solid, but melting and changing before our eyes, and bubbling with unctuous oily bubbles like boiling pitch. And out of the midst of it shone two burning points like eyes, and I saw a writhing and stirring as of limbs, and something moved and lifted up what might have been an arm.

Lighter touches are afforded in the "Hill of Dreams." Lucian, the hero, is unlike other boys. He loves to hide himself alone in some "outland and occult territory," or to sleep stark naked in the ruins of an old Roman camp. He does not understand the habits of healthy youths, who chaff him about his tie, inquiring if he has "bagged it from the kitten"; and who, "forgetting all the laws of hospitality," call him a "beastly muff" when he misses "rather a difficult catch" at cricket. One night he meets a farmer's daughter in the "matted thickets," which he loves, and he loves her too, for she is kind to him, and very different from the sporting young ladies of the neighbourhood. They pass him by "with a scornful waggle," or laugh when their wagonette splashes him with mud. He does not see the farmer's girl again, but he idealises her in his heart. He composes a mystical breviary for the ritual of his devotion. He collects boughs of "spiked and prickly gorse" in his bedroom, and flings himself naked upon them.

> Lying on his face, with the candle and the book before him, he would softly and tenderly repeat the praises of his dear, dear Annie, and as he turned over page after page, and saw the raised gold of the majuscules glow and flame in the candle-light, he pressed the thorns into his flesh. At such moments he tasted in all its acute savour the joy of physical pain; and after two or three experiences of such delights, he altered his book, making a curious sign in vermilion on the margin of the passages where he was to inflict on himself this sweet torture. . . He was covered with scars, and those that healed during the day were torn open afresh at night. . . He grew thinner and thinner every day, for he ate but little; the skin was stretched on the bones of his face, and the black eyes burnt in dark purple hollows.

Mrs. Dixon, the wife of a neighbouring parson, sees him tottering in the street, and concludes that he has taken to drink. Here follows an amusing, spiteful passage. She tells her husband about the dreadful sight.

> "How very said," said Mr. Dixon. "A little port, my dear?"
>
> "Thank you, Merivale, I will have another glass of sherry. Dr. Burrows is always scolding me and saying I *must* take something to keep up my energy, and this sherry is so weak." . .
>
> Mr. Dixon preached an eloquent "temperance" sermon soon after the above conversation. . . Mrs. Dixon cried after church: "Oh, Merivale, what a beautiful sermon! How earnest you were. I hope it will do good."
>
> Mr. Dixon swallowed his port with great decorum, but his wife fuddled herself every evening with cheap sherry. She was quite unaware of the fact, and sometimes wondered in a dim way why she always had to scold the children after dinner. And so strange things sometimes happened in the nursery, and now and then the children looked queerly at one another after a red-faced woman had gone out, panting.

Lucian soon determines to build a great and marvellous old-world city, where he may dwell in his dream with his beloved. It is described with exquisite detail and a riotous wealth of fancy. When he learns that Annie has married a young farmer, he scarcely sighs, for the dream-city has now taken her place in his imagination, and he is content to dwell there alone in the spirit. As time goes on, he grows more and more solitary. He tries to emulate the old sorcerers who changed their enemies into reptiles. The change is quite possible to his imagination, and for him they become reptiles so soon as he has ceased to heed them.

He retires to a "bed-sitting room" in London and devotes himself to the creation of the great literary master-piece, which always eludes his grasp. I have revelled in the minute detail of his studies in composition, but I confess my interest wandered during the long-drawn death scene. He has taken to drugs to stimulate an imagination already fervid almost beyond the frontiers of madness. For hours and hours he lingers alone in his chair, recapitulating all his erratic and erotic memories till they become little more than a raucous refrain, fighting his artistic struggles over and over again, babbling of mists and storms and writhing boughs, until he is found dead by a woman with splendid bronze hair.

It is the pathological study of a diseased mind transfigured by the incantation of a wizard of words.

IN THE CITY.

THE CHURCH ARMY AND "JOHN BULL."

In our issue of May 18, and again in our last issue, we referred at some length to the accounts and methods of the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau branch of the Church Army, and in drawing Mr. Carlile's attention to these matters, we invited his explanation. We have now received a letter from that gentleman in which he says that there is no ground for our criticisms, and another from his "Press Secretary," in which it is sought to prove the truth of that statement. The documents reached us too late in the week to be dealt with in the present issue of JOHN BULL, but in the next they will be published—that is only fair to Mr. Carlile—and answered—that is due to ourselves.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

HOUSEHOLDERS AND THEIR SERVANTS.

Much information concerning the effect of the new Act, which comes into force on July 1, has been circulated by interested insurance companies, and the bombardment by circular-prospectuses which has been made upon the long-suffering and much-harassed householder (who may have the good or ill fortune to employ one or more domestics), has been so great that he has probably been bewildered as to the course he ought to adopt in order to protect, first his own interest, and, secondly, that of those he may employ. As this paper exists for the enlightenment of the British public, we propose, in the plain language that John Bull loves, to set forth for the benefit of our readers what the exact position will be, and how the householder can safeguard himself. The questions often discussed are: First, Shall I insure? Second, Where and how shall I insure? First, as to the advisability of insuring. The Act in unmistakable language includes all domestic servants, governesses, housekeepers, butlers, footmen, stablemen, stable-boys, page-boys, nurses, etc. The question of "casual" labour means much, and particularly to the suburban householder. Charwomen, boot-boys, and even your odd man for the garden, if employed at regular fixed intervals, are without doubt included within the intention of the Act, and they must be taken into consideration. Should any of these mentioned meet with an accident arising "out of and in the course of employment" the householder has to face the following possible liabilities:—

1. Compensation for every accident of employment, whether it be due or not to the employer's fault or the employee's carelessness.
2. In case of Death.—Dependents may claim up to a maximum of £300.
3. In case of Disablement.—Half wages and half board wages (limit, 20s.) during incapacity (excluding the first week where the disability does not last a fortnight), or full wages and board wages up to 10s. per week if employee be under 21 years of age, and earning less than 20s. per week.
4. No limit to compensation for disablement. The half wages and half cost of board and lodging, in the event of a permanent injury, may require to be paid during the whole of the lifetime of the injured employee.
5. The liability for the weekly compensation does not terminate with the decease of the employer, but may pass as a charge against the estate to his widow or other legal representative.
6. Litigation, often a most serious item.

It will thus be seen that the householder who employs domestic servants, either in the large house or the small, and who takes a direct personal interest in their well-being, must of necessity protect his own interests involved by the conditions placed upon him by the new Act; this is directly and completely effected by insurance. No prudent employer will carry this burden himself when he can place the same with a responsible company, which brings us to the consideration of the second question, viz., where to insure? It has been roughly estimated that there are about two million domestic servants, and the number of householders employing servants is, of course, less. It may safely be assumed that, if not at once, eventually insurance against the liabilities of the Act will be as universally adopted by the prudent householder as fire insurance. Realising this, there has sprung into existence a tariff combination of many of the companies who are seeking to secure insurances under the new Act. Now, a tariff means a combination of the worst description, in order solely to keep up the rate of premium. It is of necessity prejudicial to the insurer. It has succeeded for many years in keeping the rate for fire insurance on household goods at 2s. per £100, whilst the actual cost of covering such a risk has been proved to be about 6d. per £100. It may fairly be assumed that with reference to the liability of the householder on account of partial disablement, extending, say, for two or three weeks, he will not risk losing the services of a valued domestic, probably secured after much delay and trouble, by placing the servant in the position of having to formally and legally claim against her employer. What will happen is that Mrs. J. B. will nurse Mary Jane back to good health again. There practically only remains the liabilities against total disablement and death, and we ask our readers to try and recall from amongst the experiences of their neighbours and friends how often these contingencies have arisen, and it will be pretty clear that the premiums charged by the combination of companies working with a tariff are altogether out of proportion to the possibility of the prospective claims. In the case of life insurance business there is no such thing as a tariff, and the most successful of the companies are conducted on mutual lines securing the maximum benefits for the minimum premiums. Householders can hardly combine for mutual benefits as in the case of life assurance, but they can at the opening of this new field of insurance set their faces against any attempt to extort a rate of premium not commensurate with, or required to cover, the risk, by supporting those companies who have not joined the tariff combination, and it is in their own best interests to do so.

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THE BUCKET SHOP.

It has been noticed recently that the American share touter has been more than usually active on this side. Has this activity any connection with the vigorous crusade against bucket shops now going on in the United States and Canada? In those countries the bucket-shop industry is having a hard fight for existence. Missouri has framed a law that will drive them from the State. Indiana is making it uncomfortable for them. Iowa is after them, while in Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts Bills against them are pending. They are having no better treatment in Canada, where the North-West Provinces refuse them an asylum. In Kansas, Alabama, and Texas there have been passed recently, or are pending, restrictive measures in dealing in futures in cotton, this territory's favourite staple to gamble in. This determined wave to destroy bucket shops is a result, says the New York *Financial World*, that has followed the persistent fight against them by the Chicago Board of Trade and its affiliated exchanges. "A bucket shop is even on a lower scale among our outlawed ways of making money than a gambling house, for, in the majority of cases, they skin their patrons by all sorts of crooked devices, under the cover of a semi-sort of legitimacy. By accepting small margins they act as a tempter of small tradespeople and clerks, leading many of them towards a dishonest life. For that reason the relentless campaign to exterminate bucket shops that is now being waged is the more welcome." Cannot the Postmaster-General, or the Home Secretary, or whoever is the proper Government official with us, take example, for once in a way, from the United States, and do what can be done to lessen the activity of the bucket-shop?

LYONS AND CO.

We have received from Messrs. Lyons and Co., Ltd., a copy of their report and statements of accounts for the year ended March 31 last, which shows that the profit to be dealt with is £231,849, or, including the amount brought forward from last account, £266,354, as against £228,331 for 1906. An interim dividend of 25 per cent., taking £41,375, was paid, and now a final dividend of 40 per cent., taking £66,200, is to be paid. No less than £40,000 is placed to reserve, bringing that fund up to £440,000. The amount carried forward is £6,668. A further £5,000 has been written off investments. We heartily congratulate Messrs. Lyons and Co. upon the ever-growing prosperity of their business.

We understand that a receiver and manager has been appointed by the debenture holders of a well-known London hotel. This hotel was started many years ago, and it ought to have done well.

NEW ISSUES.

LONSDALE AND BARTHOLOMEW, LTD.—This company has been formed with a capital of £90,000, half in 7 per cent. cumulative pref. shares and the remainder in ordinary shares of £1 each, the present issue being the cumulative pref. shares, which are entitled to priority in respect to both capital and dividend. The company acquires from the National Securities Corporation the business of Havelock Lonsdale, of Accrington, and Bartholomew and Co., Bradford, art publishers. A certificate signed by Mr. A. R. Vintner, chartered accountant, of Bradford, shows a rapid increase in profits during the last two years, but, as we have so often done before, we must protest against a certificate which arrives at net profits before taking into account managing director's salary, directors' fees, and income-tax.

THE NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL-COACH COMPANY, with a capital of £152,500, of which £150,000 are ordinary shares of £1 each and the remainder deferred shares of 1s. each, offers £100,000 ordinary shares for subscription. The company's business is explained by its title, and it takes over some valuable contracts from the General Post Office. It seems a promising proposition, but the deferred shares are objectionable.

We invite attention to the Saccharose, Ltd., prospectus, which appears on another page. It is a small concern, and is somewhat outside the usual lines, but will be under honest and capable management.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONDON TRADING BANK.—M. H. (Birmingham).—We believe the bank is doing sound and profitable business.

MAY CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINE.—R. H. (Guildford).—We think not.

PLOTS OF LAND.—H. N. (Tottenham).—We do not know the estate. Why not go down and look at it?

GERMAN LOTTERY.—J. M. (Forest Hill).—You do not give us the name of the firm. Send us the papers, and we will see what can be done in the matter.

HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.—WORRIED (Enfield).—Yes, the interest is correct, and you will run no risk in dealing with this great banking corporation.

SUNDRY SHARES.—B. E. M. (London).—The best of the shares are those of Hope Brothers, who are doing much better again. We cannot advise purchase of any of the other shares you mention.

RASCALLY SOLICITORS.—ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY (Croydon).—We have read your letter with much interest. Send us the dates when you made the payments, and the name and address of the solicitor who made you pay the £3 12s. costs. Also the summons, if you have kept it. If the papers bear out your statements we will make the solicitors refund, or pillory them. The way in which solicitors of a sort blackmail debtors—it is nothing less than blackmail—is simply scandalous.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—CHANNEL ISLES (Jersey).—We content ourselves with saying that we prefer other companies doing similar business.

PRICE OF WYOMINGS.—J. S. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We will make inquiries. Meantime you will remember that the price we gave was the price in the United States as quoted by a leading journal of that country. We were not referring to this country, where an elaborate system of canvass, assisted by the puffs of certain newspapers in London, had put the price up.

SALE OF SHARES.—F. G. (Fortis Green).—We regret we can give you no idea of value. There are no dealings in the shares on this side.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—J. H. (Holloway).—We are glad that our advice saved you from foolish action. As to the City of Paris bonds, they are, of course, quite safe, but we see no special advantage in buying them. If, however, you will buy them, get them from the Credit Lyonnais, or other reputable people, who will only charge you the market price. H. S. B. (Simons Town, S.A.).—See previous answer.

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT COMPANY.—N. G. (Enfield Town).—We note that you have a bond of this company upon which you have paid £7 10s., and for which you would take £5. If any reader would like it, and communicates with us, we will put you in touch. You will see the other matter under another heading.

SAN CARLOS.—TWIST (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Very little. We will look into the matter.

THE PROVINCIAL BILL POSTING COMPANY, LTD.—BONACCORD (Aberdeen).—We have read with pleasure your courteous appreciation of JOHN BULL. We are sending you under cover the paper you ask for. You ask us to express an opinion upon the Provincial Bill Posting Company, Ltd., which is about to be put before the public by Mr. Robert Youde. The board of directors seems to be a practical one, but there is too much of Mr. Robert Youde about the company. He takes all the ordinary and deferred shares as purchase consideration, and we note that after 10 per cent. is paid on the cumulative preference shares the ordinary and the deferred shares take the rest. Mr. Youde is made managing director for ten years, and the company is controlled by him and his nominees. It is not a company in which we could advise any of our readers to invest.

MOTOR SHARES.—CONSTANT READER.—There is no market for the shares you mention.

SAXON GOLD MINES, LTD.—D. L. M. (Arbroath).—None, so far as we know.

LONDON LOST PROPERTY RECOVERY AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—M. Q. (Malvern).—We know nothing to the contrary. It is, of course, for you to say whether in your opinion the risk covered is worth the small sum you pay.

GOLD LINES.—F. T. (St. Andrews).—We should accept the offer.

SPIERS AND POND.—C. F. H. (Birmingham).—No doubt your friend would have to face a substantial loss, but we see little likelihood of recovery in the price of the bonds.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—P. F. (Pimlico).—All the companies you name are financially sound.

DIAMOND COMPANY.—J. C. (Brighton).—Yes, the prospects are said to be good, but, of course, the business is very speculative.

U.S. STEEL.—J. F. (Brighton).—We think you would be well-advised to sell for these reasons: Prosperity has seen its height. The crops will not be anything like as good as those of last year. Big corporations using steel have to retrench since they cannot secure additional capital, and the Presidential election with its usual tariff agitation is coming on.

CERTIFICATE FOR £500.—BULLITE (Newport).—It is very difficult to advise under the circumstances you name. These bonds are not at all easy to sell, and, naturally, you do not want to lose the £30 you have paid. If you will tell us the lowest price you will take, possibly one of our readers may do a deal with you.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—BONDHOLDER (Aylmer Road).—We note that you have a £500 Provident Association Bond (ballot section, £26 paid in, no arrears) which you would dispose of "for £21, or any reasonable offer." W. P. (Lewisham).—Also that you have a certificate in the Industrial Branch (ballot section) of the Association for £250, upon which you have paid £35 4s. 2d., for which you would take £22; and another £150 certificate upon which you have paid £18 4s., and for which you would take £14 10s.; and a £100 certificate upon which you have paid £3 5s. and would take £2 10s. W. R. (Birkenhead).—Also that you have a friend who wishes to sell a £500 bond. S. W. C. (Clapham Common).—You are quite right as to what the bond would do. As to the position of the Association, it is strong and it is well managed. If you want a bond we suggest your buying one of these offered through our columns for sale. It would be to your advantage to do so. We have received from the following correspondents offers of bonds as below. W. S (Birmingham).—£500 certificate (particulars if wanted). F. N. (Ipswich).—£350 (ditto). C. W. B. (Peckham).—You note you have a £50 bond on this Association for sale, and we will communicate with our correspondent who wants one of this amount. E. G. L. (Exeter).—We note that you have for sale a £200 bond upon which you have paid for nearly five years, and which you would sell at "a reasonable price."

SALE OF SHARES.—ALBERT (Brighton).—We hesitate to advise the sale of shares the quotation for which is from 28s. to 30s. lower than when you bought them. At the same time we see little likelihood of the business recovering its old prosperity, and we fear it is hopeless to expect any appreciable rise in the quotation. It is much more likely that it will fall away still further.

CHARTERED SHARES.—A. M. G. (London).—You say that you have been "advised by a friend to purchase British South Africa Chartered," and you want to know whether we consider them "a good investment," and when you "could expect a profit." Your friend has given you bad advice. We consider these shares represent anything but a "good investment," and, as to profit, this is very much in the dim and distant future.

CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION.—H. D. (Pengam).—We really cannot undertake to communicate with the Federal Assurance Corporation, Ltd., as to your claim against them for 16s. If the claim is a just one, and they will not pay—and upon this we express no opinion—you have your remedy in the courts.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—H. D. (Hull).—Keep your few pounds in your pocket, or put them in the Savings Bank. J. D. M. (Seaford).—Better have nothing to do with the people you name.

BRITISH WESTINGHOUSE PREFS.—P. F. (Otterham).—It was an unfortunate selection as things have turned out. We see little likelihood of the shares recovering to anything like the price at which you bought.

MURCHISON ASSOCIATED GOLD MINES, LTD.—J. R. T. (Blackford).—We must apologise for the delay in returning your papers, which are now returned under cover. We cannot recommend you to join the reconstruction.

STANDING OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. B. (Hammersmith).—We should prefer another selection.

HOW MONEY MAKES MONEY.—D. J. C. (Putney).—Do not be misled by the statements to which you refer.

THE NON-INFLAMMABLE BENZINE SYNDICATE, LTD.—C. P. (Manningtree).—We note that the "300 to 400 hands" dwindled to "a night-watchman and another man," and even they, apparently, have now disappeared. We do not think it likely that the company will do much your way.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—SECRETARY (Manchester).—We never recommend American insurance companies, or any American companies, for that matter, but since you have been paying in for five years we hesitate to advise you to cease doing so. The company is still financially strong.

LODDEN VALLEY.—SCEPTIC (Liverpool).—There is no doubt that Berwick Moreing and Co. were too sanguine in their statements as to the time when results might be expected. The shares are, of course, very speculative, but they represent great possibilities, and we should hold them.

LAURIE AND VINCENT.—J. O. (Acton).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us about these people, which shall have our attention.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—J. M. (Nottingham).—The company you name is doing a large business, but we should advise you for the present to keep the money you mention in the Savings Bank. It is rather small for the purchase of shares. PUZZLED (Croydon).—Without wishing to say anything to the prejudice of the company to which you refer, we cannot advise you to put your £250 into its shares. In the first place, these shares have a liability of 10s. per share, in the next, there is no free market for them, so that if you wanted your money suddenly you might have difficulty in selling your shares at once without substantial loss. Our advice to you is to buy shares quoted on the Stock Exchange, and this you can easily do so as to get 5 or even 6 per cent. interest, with good security, and the likelihood of appreciation in capital value.

THE WALLPAPER COMBINATION.—EDINA (Edinburgh).—We are not forgetting it. Will you send us some particulars of the matter to which you refer in your concluding sentence?

FREEMANTLE'S SMELTER.—W. O. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We know nothing about it.

NATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—W. W. (Woodford).—No.

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OUR JUDGES.

By a Barrister-at-Law.

III.—MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE.

Some men are born to greatness, other men achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Among the last-mentioned class is Sir John Compton Lawrance, Judge of the High Court. A typical country gentleman of the good old sort, who farmed his own land, he not only had a deep love for agriculture, but he always found his dog and his gun more attractive than "Roscoe's Nisi Prius" or "Chitty on Contracts." Almost against his wishes or desires he became in due course a clever advocate, a passable lawyer, and a painstaking Judge. Like a true Englishman he has bravely stuck to his guns—and his salary—for over seventeen years, and has tried to do his duty in that state of life to which it pleased Providence—and Lord Halsbury—to call him, and the time cannot be long delayed before "Long Lawrance" will descend from his high estate and seek that *otium cum dignitate* which a grateful country provides for its Judges after fifteen years' service, and for which he has always longed, when doubtless on some broad Lincolnshire acres he will pursue and enjoy the delights of a rural life

Sir John Compton Lawrance.

and the pleasant excitement of the routine of a country squire.

Sir John was born in 1832 amidst the fen country at Dunsby Hall, near Bourne, the bourne from which all travellers return as speedily as possible, as some humourist has said. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and two years later married Charlotte, daughter of Major Smart. Sir John joined the Midland Circuit, and the local solicitors soon began to brief him at sessions and assizes. To a commanding presence (six feet four in his younger days) he added a fine voice and fluency in addressing a jury, together with the humour and the ready, strong common sense of the northern farmer. He spoke to a jury as a man to men, and with great success, and so found himself a power to be reckoned with at Quarter Sessions, and a busy man in the Criminal Courts of the Crown. Lincolnshire was "his washpot," and over Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire "he cast his shoe." There were giants in those days on the Midland Circuit. Mellor, Field, Cave, and Wills, all future Judges, were leading men, and Lockwood, Waddy, Balfour-Browne, and many others who were to rise to eminence, were juniors rising into note, so that it was not until the North-Eastern Circuit was formed and the Leeds Assizes taken off the Midland Circuit that Lawrance had his real chance. He had been appointed Recorder of Derby in 1879, in the same year becoming a Bencher of his Inn, and took silk in 1887. Then the next step to the Judicial Bench was taken. Being a Tory of the good old narrow type, he contested South Lincolnshire, and sat as one of the Opposition in the Parliament led by Mr. Gladstone till 1885. At the General Election of 1886 Sir John was in the fortunate position of being returned unopposed for the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire, and in February, 1890, he was rewarded for his services to the Tory party by being appointed a Judge of the High Court, and received the honour of knighthood. During his twelve years as a leader he was not a familiar figure in the London Courts; the London solicitor is often unduly contemptuous of a circuit reputation, but there were few cases of importance on the Midland Circuit in which Lawrance was not retained. Few juries could resist his resonant voice and the rich fund of humour, which probably has not often been surpassed at the English Bar. Law officers of the Crown and other distinguished men from time to time went "special" to the Midland Circuit, as in the Boston Election Bribery prosecution, and Lawrance would be on the other side, but they often returned crestfallen and defeated, for the country juries had an aggravating way of returning their verdict in these words: "We finds for Muster Lawrance." In the course of his political career Lawrance had done yeoman service for his party on the provincial platform. Fortunately for him, Henry Chaplin, the Squire of Blankney, and Edward Stanhope, both of whom were his neighbours, were in the Ministry, and a vacancy on the High Court Bench having occurred, his old friends did not forget to press his claims, and so, in February, 1890, Lawrance found himself on the Judicial Bench, greatly to the surprise, and much to the disgust of some of the legal bigwigs, who were ready to exclaim: "Can any good thing come out of Lincolnshire?" On his appointment he was sent, as often happens to the junior Judge, to sit for three months in Judge's chambers, that easy pitfall for the unlearned Judge. Knowing that he was by no means what is known as a "technical" lawyer, a friend asked him how he managed to pass through the ordeal so successfully. "Common sense and the Annual Practice did it," was the Judge's reply. The answer is typical of the man. As a judge, although somewhat brusque sometimes, he is common sense personified, and when he does not know the law on any point, he is familiar with the sources where it can be found, and listens attentively to the arguments of counsel. In jury cases he always leaves the facts to them, never talks over their heads; his own observations are shrewd comments of the man of the world, who knows men and knows cities, but who knows and loves, best of all, the broad acres of the country-side and all who dwell therein. It would be gross flattery to say that he excels as a Judge "in banco," or as an unraveller of knotty legal problems, and as far as may be he neither chooses nor is chosen for that class of work, neither is he on the rota of the commercial Court. There are, however, few of the Judges who have done more solid and useful work on the Bench than Sir John Compton Lawrance. As a criminal Judge he is merciful and kindly disposed; yet he suffers from no sentimental illusions; the highly-placed sinner has found before now that the stern and unbending Tory believes that rank has its duties and responsibilities as well as its rights, and that to whom much is given much is required. We fancy Lord William Nevill was relieved when he found that his second appearance in the criminal dock was not before his former Judge. When, as must soon happen, Mr. Justice Lawrance retires, he will be greatly missed. There are abler Judges, there are more learned Judges, there are more showy Judges, but there are many worse Judges than he is. Personally, Sir John is popular with the Bench and with the Bar; he has always played the game, and sees that those who come before him play it with fairness and good temper, and when the time comes for the learned Judge to lay aside his ermined gown, the comment of his profession and the public will be: "Alas! we better could have spared a better man." When during the legal holidays Sir John is relieved of his work in the Courts he enjoys his life in the country at Dunsby Hall, or is sometimes to be found fishing or shooting in Scotland. The country, with its scenery, its scents, and its sounds, has more attractions for Mr. Justice Lawrance than the King's Bench Courts, or the Old Bailey.

Dear Madam (or Sir),

May I send you some specimen copies of John Bull *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,

The Publisher.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Prevention Better than Cure.

The Prince of Wales has made another of his rare appearances in public to urge a more general interest in stamping out the white plague, which is another name for that dread disease, consumption. The remedy he suggests for the alleviation of this terrible scourge is the erection of sanatoria, which to me smacks of an expensive method of locking the stable door after the steed is stolen. How much wiser would it be were the mischief prevented in the first place by forbidding the marriage of those afflicted with the taint of consumption, who are notoriously prolific? The remedy would be drastic but effectual, and although much sorrow might be caused to individuals it would be tempered by the knowledge that unspeakable anguish would be spared to generations yet unborn.

Some Emotion and a Snuff-Box.

So Mr. Wertheimer has recovered his stolen treasures. The papers tell us that this gentleman was rung up at midnight to be told of the recovery of his property, at which he shed tears of joy. This is truly touching, and I wonder that some ambitious painter does not immortalise the pathetic scene in undying pigments. There is also another side to the matter. It seems somewhat unfortunate to me that the treasured possessions of renowned historical characters should find their inevitable way into the safes of semitic hucksterers. But after one is told, on unimpeachable authority, that

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away"

one is surprised at nothing.

Lord Northcliffe's Poser.

The omniscient Lord Northcliffe is now asking his readers, "What Type of Woman Does a Man like Best?" I can imagine the question being asked at countless suburban breakfast tables by devoted and interested wives. I can well imagine, too, what the answer would be. The British hubby may have his faults, but no one can ever deny his amazing and surprising truthfulness when he describes to the wife of his bosom that she is the type of woman he likes best.

Scones and the Coming Race.

Every day London is invaded by a great army of sad, pale-faced, cheerless women. Many of these come by workmen's trains, and wait for some hours at the termini before their work commences, in order to save a few pence on the ordinary fare. After many hours' work in the confined air of an office, they troop to tea-shops, where their mid-day meal consists of a scone and a glass of milk. More labour till evening, when they travel home in the stuffy atmosphere of an overcrowded railway carriage. No doubt their pitiful earnings are needful to assist in keeping the home together, but there is to my mind a national point of view in this question of young woman labour. These persons are the future mothers of the race. It is not difficult to imagine what their offspring will be, if mated, as would probably be the case, with a man who fares little better in his quest for a livelihood. Modern industrialism has much to answer for in the physical deterioration of the race.

An Ancient Art.

The art of fencing is exceedingly popular among the fair sex just now. Fat women fence to get thin; thin women to get graceful. It is a merciful thing that duelling has gone out of fashion in this country, otherwise any young woman fencer who fancied she had a grievance against any unfortunate man, might take it into her head to call him out, and pink him about the time he was thinking of catching his motor-bus to the City. It is decidedly a good thing for the sterner sex that the duel is taboo.

Beauty Culture.

The adorable sex is to be made more adorable by the wearing of false eyelashes, which may now be fixed to the fluttering lids without pain. It has, of course, long been the custom in Paris to sew the lash in its place by the aid of a tiny needle and cobwebby thread, and, although the operation causes acute suffering to the person upon whom the false lashes are joined, it is cheerfully borne for the sake of the very excellent result.

Red-haired English women should welcome the painless innovation, as their otherwise often pretty faces are marred by too fair lashes; such as they may now substitute for others of a darker complexion. Apart from this, I wonder when the false, as applied to the feminine toilette, will find its ultimate limitation. One reads of false hair, eye-brows, complexions, figures, teeth, and tongues. I should imagine that if Eve were to re-visit the glimpses of the moon, she would not recognise latter-day womenfolk as being of her species.

A New Material for Frocks.

I hear that a new material for frocks is composed of paper. Women journalists, and their names are legion, have now an excellent opportunity to make use of their rejected manuscript.

The Polluted Pump.

I'm delighted to see that the attention of the powers that be have been called to the adulteration practised by London milk dealers. It is asserted, on good authority, that thousands of preventable deaths are yearly caused by the extraneous matter which the enterprising milkman adds to the natural product of the cow. It is no wonder that milkmen rarely, if ever, go bankrupt. For my part I employ a goat to supply my milk. She cost little to buy, her keep amounts to next to nothing, she supplies delicious milk, is warranted to clear the garden if let loose, and, with familiarity, her bleating is quite companionable in the small hours if I suffer from insomnia.

The Woman of Fashion.

The woman of fashion is to wear big hats, big neck ruffles, big sleeves; one wonders if the time will come when the poor pinched foot will be permitted to hide itself in big boots?

The Photographer.

Beloved of actresses, bishops and the like, the photographer should be indeed a happy man, also a busy one. Why, then, does he invade the country-side? There is not a nook in Devon, a bridge in Wales, a quiet beauty-place in any part of England but is molested by him. Every little secret of Victoria Eugénie's nursery is laid bare to the world; she and her young husband have been "snapped" on every opportunity. The Spanish Royal Family are not alone in this respect. The most intimate details in the life of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins are displayed to a more or less curious world (Mrs. P. de T. taking two hundred copies of the weekly in which her portraits appear). Our grandmothers would have deplored this publicity, but could they have known of this latter-day development of the illustrated weekly, it would have been hard to know whom they would blame the most, the enterprising photographer, or the photographed who sanction this inquisition of the camera.

Care of the Teeth.

Nowadays it is quite the exception for people to enjoy the use of their own teeth. The time is not far distant when persons in the happy possession of their own masticators will be looked upon as natural curiosities. But this is anticipating. Horace Walpole was in the habit of declaring that the washing of the mouth with alum water was conducive to teeth-preservation. No doubt. But if it were necessary to extract a tooth after alum had been used it would require a dentist with the arm of a Sandow. Here is a prescription which, although used by many of our grandmothers, is none the worse for that:—

½ of an ounce bark.
½ ,, ,, orris root.
½ ,, ,, Armenian bole.
½ ,, ,, myrrh.
1 ounce chalk (prepared).

Don't be extravagant in tea. Get the best and the most economical at the same time.

Parks' Tea

In Red Packets,
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DIP SHOPS.

It may, perhaps, be a surprise to a large majority of people that there at present exists amongst us a system by means of which anyone can be put away in "durance vile" for periods extending from three months to two years; with a very meagre chance of regaining their freedom without the good offices of those who are most interested in depriving them of it. I allude to inebriates' retreats on the voluntary system, conducted by private individuals for their own emolument. It is both interesting and instructive to study the prospectuses emanating from some of these so-called "homes," which are only framed with the one view of increasing the number of inmates; and many of them seem to have been modelled on the lines of the celebrated advertisement of "Do-the-boys Hall," and adopted their standard of veracity from Mr. Squeers himself. The victim and his friends read these "paradisical" productions, permeated with the spirit of philanthropy, describing the simple life, the pleasant society, the variety of amusements and recreative employments, and, in addition, the absolute certainty of his being rescued in a very brief time from the curse of drugs or alcohol, and taking up his life again with unimpaired powers of mind and body. Consequently, having perused the prospectus, and studied the testimonials, from grateful but anonymous regenerates, there is very little difficulty in persuading him to sign the short declaration before a justice of the peace, which, to all intents and purposes, consigns him as a prisoner for a stated period. This is especially easy, as the patient is generally unnerved, and the will power and faculties for reasoning weakened by over-indulgence. These voluntary retreats are supposed to be directly under the control of the Home Office, but I shall endeavour to show that that control is a farce.

Home Office Control a Farce.

It is true, certainly, that periodical inspections are made, but they are perfunctory, and merely matters of form, and complaints on the part of inmates receive about the same attention as (according to Mr. Jabez Balfour) those of convicted felons. I do not intend to make any remarks on the cause of alcoholism, except to state that in nearly all the cases I have come across, the disease was either hereditary, or proceeded from domestic or business troubles. The Acts of Parliament dealing with these places do not require any special knowledge or experience on the part of the licensees. They merely lay down certain rules as regards the accommodation of the premises and sundry rules and regulations appertaining to the conduct of patients. Consequently, anyone who cares to go into the business as a monetary speculation is at perfect liberty to do so. Indeed, in one large retreat, advertised extensively, one of the licensees was by former avocation an ornamental iron worker, but who found the new mode of making a living much easier, and far more remunerative. The Inebriates' Act expressly states, I believe, that a copy of it shall be kept for the inspection of patients in order that they may know exactly how they stand in their relations both to licensee and the Home Office. But my experience is that it is about the last thing that is allowed to get into the hands of the patients; and as all letters and papers pass through the hands of those in power, it is nearly an impossibility to get hold of a copy. The visits (semi-annually) of the Home Office Inspector are a consummate farce. Due and timely notice of them is given to the licensee, who carefully keeps the news to himself, and the prospective visit is only surmised by the inmates seeing the extra cleaning of premises, change of quilts and curtains, and a grim sort of "Pecksniffian" festivity which permeates the establishment. The exact date and time is, however, only known to the officials, who make especial preparations for the Inspector's reception in their own private apartments, and generally keep him there the greater portion of his visit. Afterwards he makes a short survey of the patients and asks them in a formal manner if they have any complaints, which, of course, they know better than to make in the presence of their keepers. The Act especially prohibits the detention of weak-minded persons in retreats for inebriates; yet there were three in one institution. One of them was afflicted from his birth, the others suffered from a species of melancholia, one of these latter being at times dangerous. An inmate is absolutely powerless, he is allowed no money, all correspondence is inspected, and he is as much under restraint as if he were a convicted felon. If by any possibility (even if he is absolutely cured) he manages to escape, he can be arrested and brought back without any formality.

"Suicide."

I remember when quite a young fellow was brought to one of these places suffering very much from a protracted spree. No care or attention was paid to him, and he was allowed to wander around the premises without any supervision. On the third day he cut his throat. An inquest was held. The jury were all local tradespeople whom the licensees honoured with their custom, and the tragedy was hushed up by a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane," the witnesses being servants and officials only—not a single patient having been called, although some of them were eye-witnesses.

The Discharge of Patients.

Very often it occurs that patients who have signed away their freedom for long periods, and who are to all intents and purposes cured of their weakness, are most anxious to return to their friends, business, or profession, petition the Home Office for a ticket-of-leave. These communications are sent through the licensees, who add on their own endorsements, and as the victim never sees the correspondence, he is quite at a loss to know why the ticket-of-leave is not granted. I may state that a patient discharged before his time on a ticket-of-leave can be brought back without any legal formality, if he shows any signs of returning to either drink or drugs. If the patient or his friends are well-to-do, and the monthly accounts paid promptly, there is little chance of his regaining his freedom before the unexpired time, the onus being laid on the Home Office authorities, who have been probably notified clandestinely by the licensee that the patient's cure was not complete, and that a longer period was necessary to strengthen his moral and physical energies. If, on the other hand, the payments are irregular or uncertain, it is quite a different thing. Then there is no opposition from the authorities, and the patient recovers his freedom without any difficulty. A case to prove the truth of this came lately to the writer's notice:

When Payments are Uncertain.

A young fellow who had signed on for one year, but for whom the payments were uncertain and always in arrears, broke the rules by returning slightly intoxicated from an afternoon leave. The gates were closed against him, and he was left to prowl around the neighbourhood, sleeping in the fields, and subsisting on the food he could beg from neighbours, until assistance reached him from his friends, who lived some considerable distance away. One of these establishments—they are all known by the euphonious name of "Dip Shops," probably from the Greek δυφάω—had a much-advertised billiard table which, according to prospectus, the patients had free access to, but in practice they paid—or, rather, were charged—West End prices. There was also a little store, presided over by the licensee's sister, in which were sold tobacco, sweetstuffs, collar studs, and such like, at prices that would put a Houndsditch Jew to shame.

The Simple Life.

Some of the leading features in the system, as glibly set forth in the prospectuses, are the simple life and light employments to pass the time and render confinement less irksome—such as wood-carving, poultry farming, gardening, and other rural pursuits. I must, however, say that in my experience, with the exception of the latter, all the others were like x in algebra—unknown quantities. Internal and external painting was more than favoured by the management, inasmuch as it saved them the cost of employing professional labour, and also, I suppose, in their philanthrophy they imagined that saturating a man's constitution with lead and the volatile ethers of paint and varnish, would eliminate the toxic properties of drugs and alcohol. The employment of others who had no artistic duties in the garden, hoeing potatoes or turnips, and wheeling manure, especially in hot weather, was also supposed to have a salutary effect in strengthening the impaired powers of the brain, on the counter-irritation principle, thus exemplifying the practice of Mrs. Betsy Prigg, as placing the mentally afflicted in an especially warm place. Others again for whom there were no vacancies in the painting, gardening, or carpenter's departments, were given the simple, but aromatic, task of pumping out the cesspool. This latter department principally worked at mending gates, fences, cow stalls, and piggeries. In the winter, when these out-door recreations had to be suspended, the whole force of the establishment was put on the useful, but monotonous task of sawing firewood for the saving of the management's bank account. Several of these places take in two classes of patients—viz., those who pay two guineas a week and upwards and those who pay less. But, curious to say, those who pay the higher scale are supposed to be more easily cured, and to have more self-restraint, so they are allowed comparative freedom; whereas the second-class is strictly kept in "durance vile" during the whole period of their incarceration.

Few Genuine Cures.

As far as the writer could find out, there were few genuine cures, the one idea when the patients got outside the grounds, was to steer for the nearest liquor shop; and it was really ludicrous when they returned, and, their condition apparent, the unanimity with which they all avowed that nothing stronger than ginger wine had passed their lips. Sunday was greatly looked forward to on this account, as each first-class patient was allowed to attend his own place of worship, and, what was more important, furnished with coin of the realm for the collection, which, I need hardly say, was devoted to spirituous in the place of spiritual matters. A married man—as, indeed, they nearly all were—who had spent six years in similar institutions, with short terms of liberty intervening between each incarceration, used to receive any number of pressing letters, towards the end of his term, from his former custodians, hoping that he would give their establishments another trial, and promising him perfect liberty if he would again patronise them. This regenerated patient, when I knew him, had but seven weeks more to put in, and he not only enjoyed unlimited liberty, but the privilege of getting fuddled every evening, with an extra allowance on Sundays, as an inducement for him to return to the fold after he wearied of the short spell of home life. He was, I need hardly say, in very affluent circumstances, and paid well for all extras.

Photographers and Prospectuses.

One afternoon a photographer made his appearance to make pictures of interiors of the establishment, with a view of having them reproduced in a new prospectus which embodied all the latest ideas and improvements in mendacity. The inmates point-blank refused to have their "counterfeit presentments" given to the world and posterity, and all the blandishments of the authorities could not make them change their minds. Accordingly, all the male paid help was called out of the kitchen, piggeries, gardens, and elsewhere, compelled to wash, put on their Sunday clothes, and were then taken in various poses—as smoking, reading, and enjoying temperance drinks. Indeed, one gentleman, whose education had been shamefully neglected, and to whom print as it were, was a sealed book, was decorated with a pair of pince nez glasses, and given a large copy of John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" to hold in front of him, apparently in deep study, although the effect was somewhat marred by its having been held upside down. Others were furnished with cigars, which they were supposed to be enjoying, although the unfortunate operator had quite a task to try and make them exhibit the air of tranquil enjoyment peculiar to the devotees of My Lady Nicotine. The idea was to make the picture represent studiousness, contentment, and domestic comfort. One of these worthies, invested with a university "blazer" and cap, which had been discarded by some former denizen of the place, made a most striking addition to the family group, inasmuch as the wearer—an ordinary labourer—had not had time to shave, nor have his hair cut, or even brushed. However, it is more than likely his portrait will more than answer expectations, and he will probably be taken for some distinguished, but afflicted "don," who, from overstudy, lapsed into the neurotic habit. Although this is rather a comic incident, it must be borne in mind that the object was almost fraudulent, and calculated to not only increase but deceive the clientèle. Men and women of moderate means have stinted themselves and given up their business or professions in order to free themselves from the bonds of their misguided habits and it is principally as a warning to those similarly situated that this article has been penned. Alcoholism and the drug habit are among the hardest and most difficult diseases to combat successfully. The average medical man has never made them an especial study, and his knowledge of them is generally inferior to that in other branches of his profession. What, therefore, must be the ignorance of laymen, who have merely gone into the business as an easy means of making a lucrative living. The Act of Parliament places no safeguards as regards the patients having scientific medical treatment. And all the stock-in-trade required, besides suitable premises, are a specious prospectus, judicious advertising in medical and religious papers, and some sort of connection with any kind of a religious body. Indeed, I have heard that some of the latter have gone into the business themselves as principals, not for poor or indigent persons, but for those who are well-to-do, both male and female, and rely nearly altogether on prayers and religious revivals to effect cures which, from the writer's experience, are few and far between. But as long as they can manage to have a full house, the results are merely a secondary consideration.

The Failures of the Treatment.

These neurotic diseases can never be cured without a willing compliance on the part of the patient. Now a long and involuntary confinement in every case nearly always weakens the will power, and when the patient is again thrown back on the world and his own resources, he is most probably just as morally and mentally weak as he was at the commencement of his incarceration. If this were not the case, why should those committed to prison for periods of three months to many years, where anything in the form of drugs or alcohol is contraband, and who in nine cases out of ten were brought to the prison house through drink, why should they invariably on their discharge seek the public-house, and make up for their enforced abstinence? There are perhaps many who can be broken of this terrible curse by sharp and stringent measures, but before adopting such a drastic course it is absolutely necessary that a professional man should make a careful examination of their physical and mental condition, and satisfy himself that their system is sufficiently hardy to stand the loss of the accustomed stimulant. Others, especially those whose hearts are weak, and who are not of a robust habit, can only be weaned gradually, by drugs or stimulants administered in decreasing doses. There can be little doubt that a law permitting unqualified and ignorant persons to hold a license for Inebriates' Retreats ought to be at once removed from the Statute Book.

The Medical Officer.

But it may be said that these persons always state that there is a medical officer. Quite true. But as he is generally only paid a few pounds per annum for one visit, or less a week, he cannot be expected to take much interest in the cases, and beyond leaving a standard formula for sleeping draughts and occasionally signing death certificates, his duties are of a very simple and easy character. Finally, there are no safeguards around these places as compared with lunatic asylums. The Home Office takes no more notice of complaints than if they emanated from convict prisons. No record is kept of the attendance of the medical officer, or the cases that may have needed his attendance. The inspector gives timely warning of his advent, an extra good dinner is prepared, the entire establishment is on the *qui vive*, and everything goes off—to use Mr. Weller's expression—"very pleasant and comfortable." In a few days a eulogistic report is made to the authorities, which I suppose is pigeon-holed to form a portion of the national archives, and to add to that increasing store of red tape for which the Home Office is especially so justly celebrated. In conclusion, I would advise prospective patients and their friends to be very diffident in taking prospectuses as being strictly in accordance with facts, and also to inquire carefully into the genuineness of all testimonials, and look with suspicion on those that are anonymous, or written by casual visitors. These latter, although their experience has only been a good dinner and a walk around the grounds, are generally masters of flowery and allegorical language, and, without actually telling downright lies, are in dangerous proximity to the boundary line. I would strongly urge and advise all those who have any idea of trying these places with a view to a cure, on no account to sign their liberty away until they have had at least three weeks' experience. And even then not for a longer period than three months. I am absolutely certain that after three months' confinement the average man begins to lose his self-reliance, and becomes in course of time a mental wreck. It will be noticed that in many of these Retreats the terms are much higher for those who do not sign on than for those who virtually make themselves the chattel slaves of the licensee. Every inquiry should be made about past patients who are given as references, especially as to whether the "case" was a genuine one, and as to whether they still imbibe even in moderation.

"'Tis Paradisical"!

Finally, I will give an excerpt from a testimonial given by an enthusiastic visitor who put "Reverend" before his name:—"'Tis enchanting! 'Tis Paradisical! If genial surroundings, diverting occupations, and a wholesome moral atmosphere," etc., *ad infinitum*. But the inmates entertained very different opinions.

X.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Westminster.

My Dear Obiter Dicta,—I am sorry to hear from Johnny Redmond that, after all, he won't have your Irish Council Bill at any price or on any conditions. I call it your Irish Bill, because that is what the papers are calling it. But, in truth, the Bill was cut, and all but dried, before your appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland. You would never have drafted and introduced such a Bill "on your own" even as an instalment of Home Rule.

You are having the devil's own luck, anyhow, for this measure will go the way of your very own Education Bill. Your skill and tact are not in question, but things go against you somehow. As obstetric Physician-in-Ordinary to the Government you bring forth a child, and lo! it is dead. After this last disappointing job is over, I hope C.-B. and Co. will give you a rest. You deserve it.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—What on earth's the matter with the firm? Is it going broke?—J. B.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P., Dublin.

My Dear Johnny,—You're a bit hard on poor Birrell, aren't you? It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you kick his Bill downstairs? Have just sent him a line of sympathy. By this time the poor fellow must be black and blue all over. You know my own opinion of the Bill, but if I had been in your place I think I should have made a point of taking it as a bit on account. Never refuse a bit on account, my boy, either in business or politics. This is a queer, mixed world, and, as they say in the classics, you never know your luck.

But why not try your own hand at the business? Produce an Irish Bill on your own, and dump it down on the table, so that we can all have a look at it. Of course, it will have to be something less than the whole animal, but even so you could make it effective. For goodness sake, don't encourage the impression that you have no constructive policy.

The present Government is pledged not to introduce a Home Rule Bill this Parliament. You are not. Well, then, table your Bill, make a speech about it, and invite the House to go as they please about it, Government or no Government. Surely, the time of the House would probably be spent more profitably on an Irish Bill introduced by the leader of the Irish party than on the Bill which Birrell has had the melancholy infelicity to propose. I do not see how the Government could refuse to give you all the time you wanted if you really intended business—to dare or lose all.

Of course, you will say that this is not your affair. But it is, my dear Johnny, it is; and I for one would just like to see in black and white the least you'll take in present conditions, and have a free vote of the House on it. After all, the members are the power. The Government are only a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Or perhaps you would like to have a chat with C.-B. again?—J.B.

To the Rev. W. A. Buck, Vicar of Leamington.

Sir,—You seem to be at your wit's end to know how to fill your parish church. Some time ago you made an ill-timed speech, in which you attacked the morals of Leamington, for which you afterwards apologised. You have now addressed the Town Council, and asked that there shall be no Sunday delivery of letters nor any outgoing post, and that the tramway service shall be suspended. Do you really think that Leamingtonians will submit to such tyranny, and that your tactics will increase the number of churchgoers? Let me assure you that to nowadays popularise the church other means are needed. It is the twentieth century. Take my advice, rely on yourself and your church, without invoking a municipal subsidy. Buck up!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir John Kirk, Ragged School Union, London.

My Dear Sir John,—With all my heart I congratulate you on your knighthood. Yours is the kind of knighthood I like to hear about and read about, for the service is greater than the honour—as all service worthy of high recognition should be. To be the friend of the friendless child, the father and protector and helper of the pitiful waifs and strays of the gutter, and to be this for forty years, is to make life rich with a needful example, and high with a purposeful aim. And the honour which has come to you is an honour to the King who thought of it and conferred it. With best wishes for long and happy days.

JOHN BULL.

To Albert Trott, Lord's Cricket Ground.

Dear Sir,—What! another record? Not content with being the only man who has succeeded in hitting a ball out of the ground at Lord's, you must needs accomplish the hat-trick twice in one innings. And it was for your benefit, I understand? Certainly, it was not for your opponents'. I have heard of the goose-step, but what is this duck's-Trott you have been teaching poor Zummerzet? How did you do it? Forgive me for asking, but I hope to be "bowling at Lord's" myself shortly in the great match "Peers v. Commons"—for *my* benefit, you understand. I have small hopes of making such a clean job of it as you have done, but I expect to dismiss all the "stonewallers" and keep the others from "scoring" too often. They don't play the game, and I am determined that some of them shall be "wearing" instead of "wielding" the willow when the match is over. I am told that your plan is to "mix 'em up," and so keep the batsman in ignorance of what is coming. That's what *I'm* doing, and they are in a state of "funk" already. But it will be a great battle, and as it must be fought to a finish, I shall be glad of any tips you can give me. So trot 'em out, Trott. Hope your benefit *was* a benefit. Do you like trotters? How many have you?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. Reddings, Chief Officer, Addington Road, Canning Town.

Dear Sir,—I understand that while bringing the old H.M.S. Conqueror from the Holy Loch, Firth of Clyde, on Thursday, at seven o'clock in the evening, 18 miles off Rockabill Lighthouse, in the Irish Sea, with an uninterrupted view from the port watch and a bright lookout on the starboard side, you observed a monster of the deep. Its head and neck resembled those of a giraffe. It had two short ears, a two-foot head, and an eight-foot neck, and it was opening and shutting its mouth.

You say you hadn't a camera or you would have taken its photograph, and you hadn't a gun or you would have shot it; and I gather you hadn't a stick and a worm or you would doubtless have caught it. You gazed at it for five minutes, then it disappeared from human ken. Perhaps it sank into a watery grave.

I have carefully consulted all the zoological catalogues in my possession, and I can find no denizen of the vasty deep like the giraffe you describe. I do not say, however, that it wasn't there when you saw it. All I say is that I wouldn't have believed it was there if I had seen it myself. True, it may be a new form of sea-serpent, or an exaggerated rum keg, or a bottle-nosed whale standing on its hind legs to see the old H.M.S. Conqueror tugged to her last berth. As you know, there are lots of funny things in the sea and the museums. Take a camera on your next voyage, and if you meet the monster again snap it without remorse.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—How's your eyesight? Hope nothing is the matter with your fovea centralis or your caruncula lachrymalis?—J. B.

CRICKET AT THE WESTMINSTER OVAL—Redmond's refusal, Birrell run out.

A RUSSIAN SHERLOCK HOLMES.

STORY BY ANTON TCHEKHOV.

TRANSLATED BY J. PETRIKOVSKY.

On the morning of the 6th October, 19—, a decently dressed young man entered the office of the Police-Inspector of the 2nd Precinct of the S. district, and declared that his master, a retired cornet of the Guards, Mark Ivanovich Klyansov, had been killed. The young man was pale and excited, his hands were trembling, and his eyes full of tears.

"With whom have I the honour of speaking?" asked the Inspector.

"Psyekov is my name. I am Klyansov's manager, agriculturist, and technician."

The Police Inspector, on arriving at the scene, found a great crowd. The news had reached every nook and corner of the neighbouring villages, and, being a holiday, people had been idly discussing the interesting event. Klyansov's bedroom door was locked from the inside. The key was still in the lock. "The murderers have entered the bedroom through the window overlooking the garden," the manager remarked, following the Inspector into the garden.

The green faded blinds were pulled down. One corner was turned in, allowing the interior to be seen.

Having given various orders, the Inspector went to the manager's house to partake of a cup of tea.

In about two hours Tchubikov, the slyedovatel, a well-preserved man of 60, and Dukovsky, his secretary, a young man of 26, joined the Inspector.

"Make way!" shouted the ourjadnik, and the officials entered the house where the crime was committed.

The bedroom door was minutely inspected, and then broken in.

At the solitary window was a bedstead with an immense feather-bed. The latter, as well as the quilt, was crumpled. The pillow, also crumpled, was lying on the floor. On the night table were found a silver watch, a silver 20-copeck coin, and a box of brimstone matches. One chair completed the entire furniture. The Inspector found underneath the bed about twenty empty bottles, a straw hat and a quart of vodka. One boot, covered with dust, was found underneath the table.

"Scoundrels!" exclaimed, in an undertone, Tchubikov.

"And where is Mark Ivanovich?" said Dukovsky.

"'Don't interfere, please!" roughly interrupted the slyedovatel, "you'd better examine the floor! This is the second case in my twenty-five years' practice," continued the slyedovatel, addressing himself to the Inspector, "it is undoubtedly in your recollection—the murder of merchant Portretov. As in this case, the body was removed through the window."

Tchubikov lifted the window blind, carefully pushed the window, and threw it open.

"Impressions of a knee," he murmured.

"Nothing found on the floor," reported Dukovsky, "except this safety match. As far as I recollect, Mark Ivanovich was a non-smoker and used only brimstone matches. This match is important evidence."

"Be quiet with your important evidence!" thundered the slyedovatel, "instead of hunting for matches, you'd better examine the bedding."

"Have done so," reported Dukovsky, "no clues except tooth-marks on the pillow. The quilt is saturated with beer. The general appearance of the bed bears out my opinion of a fierce struggle."

"Nobody denies the struggle. You'd better look for——"

"One boot is missing," continued Dukovsky.

"Well?"

"This shows that the victim was smothered whilst in the act of taking off his boots. He scarcely took off one boot—"

"How do you know that he was smothered?"

"The tooth-marks on the pillow, which is crumpled and thrown from the bed at a distance of 2½ arsheen."

"Nonsense!" was Tchubikov's terse summing up of his secretary's zealous detective efforts. "We are sure to discover something in the garden."

The grass underneath the window, as well as the clumps of burdock close to the wall, were crumpled. Dukovsky detected among the burdock leaves fibres of dark blue wool.

"What was the colour of his clothes?" he asked Psyekov.

"Yellow canvas."

"Excellent. *They* have been in blue," remarked Dukovsky, wrapping up the wool-threads in paper.

The search was continued with fresh energy, and the ever-watchful Dukovsky traced in the grass a dark streak consisting of spots, and extending from the bottom of the window deep into the garden. The streak terminated under one of the lilac bushes in the large dark-red spot. The missing boot was found near by. "That is old blood," murmured Dukovsky.

At the word "blood" the doctor slowly arose and condescended to accept Dukovsky's definition.

"Consequently he was not smothered, if there is blood," sarcastically said Tchubikov to his secretary.

"He was smothered in the bedroom, but the murderers to make sure of his death belaboured the body with a sharp instrument. The spot underneath the bush shows that the corpse was reposing there a long time, whilst the murderers deliberated as to the means of removing the body from the garden. The boot is a corroboration of my idea. The victim, before retiring, managed to take off one boot before the attack; the other boot was only partially taken off, and, whilst the body was being dragged, fell off by itself."

"What a mine of information! I begin to fear that you have been secretly apprenticed to Sherlock Holmes."

Tchubikov's biting remark concluded the investigations and the entire party left for the manager's house to draw the protocol and a few bottles of the Russian national drink.

"Money, watch etc., have not been touched," said Tchubikov after completion of the protocol and the refreshments, "and I am quite satisfied that the object of the crime was not robbery."

"And was committed by a cultured person," added Dukovsky, ; "peasants don't use safety matches."

"And I think, your honour," declared the gardener, placing on the table a boiling samovar, "that the crime was committed by no other person than Nicholas."

"And who may that be?" asked Tchubikov.

"The master's valet, your honour, a drunken, dissipated beast, who not long ago boasted at the public-house that he would kill his master for taking away his Akulka, the soldier's wife, a——" Splendid woman whom Mark Ivanovich called Nana," intervened Psyekov.

"I knew her," remarked Tchubikov, attentively examining the inscription of the vodka bottle.

Dukovsky reddened, and the Inspector began to drum on the saucer.

Nicholas, a clumsy, flat-chested, pock-marked fellow, in an ill-fitting gentleman's jacket, was brought in. He was drunk and in tears.

"Where is your master?" Tchubikov sternly demanded.

"Killed your honour," was the tearful reply.

"We know that. Where is he? His body, I mean?"

"They say it was dragged through the window and buried in the garden."

"The results of our investigations are already known in the servant's room. Bad. Where did you sleep on the night in question—last Saturday?"

"Cannot remember, your honour. I was drunk."

"And why is there blood underneath your master's window?"

The valet lowered his head as if under the weight of deep thought.

"Think quicker," was the Ispravnik's command.

"In a minute. The blood is a trifle, your honour. I was slaughtering a fowl, and it slipped from my hand and ran away."

The gardener confirmed the fact of the valet's slaughtering duties, although he couldn't remember any runaway incident.

"Do you know Akulka?"

"I confess to that sin."

"Did your master rob you of her affections?"

"Not at all. Mr. Psyekov took her away, and the master took her away from the latter. That is how it happened."

Psyekov was confused, and Dukovsky only now noticed the manager's blue trousers. Tchubikov noted with no less suspicion Psyekov's embarrassment, and, ordering the valet out of the room, remarked to the manager:—

"And now, Mr. Psyekov, tell us where you were last Saturday."

"At ten o'clock I had supper with Mark Ivanovich—"

"And after—"

Psyekov left the table, all confusion.

"I then—Really you must not press. I drank too much, and don't know where and when I fell asleep. Why do you all look at me, as if I am the murderer."

"Where did you wake?"

"In the scullery. They will all corroborate my statement."

"Don't be excited. Have you known Akulka?"

"Nothing remarkable in that."

"Did she leave you for Klyansov?"

"Yes. Ephrem, give us more mushrooms. Any more tea, gentlemen?" Psyekov enquired.

* * * *

Psyekov and Nicholas were arrested the same day.

Twelve days have elapsed. It was six in the evening; the Slyedovatel, seated at his desk, was perusing the "Klyansov case," when Dukovsky came in, and in one breath announced, "I swear by my honour that I begin to believe in my genius. Listen, the devil may take both of us.

"We have already two suspected culprits in hand, and now I have found a third, and this time a woman, but *what* a woman. For one touch of her queenly shoulders I would give ten years of my life. But listen—I made a fresh tour around the scene of the murder, have visited every little shop and publichouse, asking everywhere for safety matches, and only an hour ago my efforts were crowned with success. At a little tobacco shop, three versts from here, I was at last given the one case of ten boxes of safety matches, and to my delight one box was missing. Who bought it? So-and-so, and here I am. My dove! Let us go. She is the young wife of our ancient Police Inspector. Olga Petrovna bought the matches. I know she smokes, and loves Klyansov, who rejected her love for the sake of Akulka. It is revenge. Once I found them behind a screen in the kitchen. She was confessing her love, and he, smoking her cigarette, was blowing the smoke into her face. Let us go at once."

"I am still in my senses. To accuse an honourable woman, and the wife of a prominent Police Official! You are mad—"

"And you are a duster, a rag, and not a Slyedovatel—Darling Nicholas Yermolaitch! I am on my bended knee before you. The whole Russian Empire, the world, the future, will ring with our names. This is a romance, and not a dry common-place affair."

"The devil take you. Let us go!" the still wavering Tchubikov replied, and it was already dark when our couple arrived at the pristav's house.

A tall, plump woman of about twenty-three, with black hair and sensual lips, met them with a broad smile.

"You are just in time for supper. My old man has been detained at the priest's house."

"Our carriage-spring has burst," meekly replied Tchubikov, "and we came to you—ahem—"

"Carriage! Nonsense!" Dukovsky wildly replied, closing up with the hostess, "we came here, Madam, to ask you what you have done with Mark Ivanovich? We know everything."

The hostess became pale as a ghost, and was just able to whisper, "Through whom?"

"In the name of the law we demand—" Tchubikov at last asserted his dignity.

"I locked him up in the Turkish bath. He is hidden there. I beg of you not to tell my husband."

Olga Petrovna brought the officials through the dark yard to a little house, unlocked the door, and, having passed the small ante-room, they entered the Turkish bath proper.

Dukovsky had his bull's-eye ready, and in the next moment he was standing on the upper step and viewing a snoring human body. "Mark Ivanovich? Impossible!"

Tchubikov trembled at Dukovsky's outcry, and, sure enough, the dead man looked down and embraced the slyedovatel.

The lamp was lighted, three large glasses were filled with vodka, and Klyansov invited his friends to drink his resurrection. "It is quite a romance," Klyansov resumed incoherently, after the second glass, "I was asleep when Olga came to my window and began to curse me. I threw my boot at her. She entered the room through the window, lighted the lamp, gave me a good hiding, and here I am—a boarder fed on love and vodka."

Tchubikov was not anxious to hear further instalments of that story and ran out, followed by his devoted factotum.

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NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.

MR. WILLIAM TAVERNER AND "JOHN BULL."

Some little time ago we were asked to give our opinion of the National Old Age Pension Trust, founded and controlled by Mr. Wm. Taverner, with offices at Congleton, Cheshire. Our questioner was a lady, and we told her that in our opinion the National Old Age Pension Trust was a mischievous concern, mischievous inasmuch as it professed to do for the indigent aged that which as yet the Government have not seen their way to do by reason of its cost. The object of this National Old Age Pension Trust is thus described in an article in the *Christian Commonwealth* of September 15th, 1904, written by Mr. John Stewart, and having all the appearance of being inspired by Mr. Wm. Taverner. We quote the salient paragraph:—

> "In outline this is the plan: Every British subject paying 1s. per week will be entitled at 60 to a pension of 10s. a week if all business or other employment has ceased. If not, the amount paid will be 5s. per week. All classes are eligible, and there are no health examinations."

We describe this scheme as mischievous because there is nothing to show that it is actuarily sound, and much to suggest that it is the contrary, as it is indisputable that a scheme which invites subscriptions from the public upon the faith of promises beyond the power of the promoters of the scheme to fulfil is mischievous.

But our lady friend—as is the wont with ladies—was annoyed at our casting doubt upon the judgment of Mr. Wm. Taverner and the feasibility of his scheme, and she wrote us again in the language of indignation, and informed us that nothing we had said had shaken her belief, not only in the integrity, but in the judgment of Mr. Wm. Taverner. To this we answered in our issue of May 4th, page 415, as follows:—

> "We have your further letter on this subject, and note your high opinion of Mr. Taverner. The judge who dealt with the matter took a different view of that person's claims to regard."

A day or two afterwards we received a letter from Mr. Wm. Taverner, who wrote from Congleton. In this letter he says:

> "One of our members has forwarded us a cutting from your current issue, which, when seen in context with her letter to you, no doubt constitutes a very serious libel, which I feel sure the governing bodies of this Trust will feel justified in placing in our solicitors' hands unless a very satisfactory explanation is forthcoming from you. As no judge in any Court, either criminal or civil, has ever had any matter in connection with the National Old Age Pension Trust before him at any time, I demand an explanation of your allegation that some judge has at some time made a reference thereto. I await a reply before communicating with our solicitors."

To this the editor of JOHN BULL replied, under date May 10th, as follows:—

> "Your letter dated the 3rd inst. has just come to hand. In view of the report in the *Times* of January 30 last of your motion against Mr. Cuff, I regret I am unable to comply with your request."

That letter has elicited a further communication from Mr. Wm. Taverner. It is a very lengthy communication, covering two sheets of foolscap. Most of it is concerned with allegations against a person or persons with whom Mr. Taverner has been associated, but the first paragraph is germane to the matter in hand, and therefore we quote it:—

> "Absence at meetings has prevented my replying earlier to yours of May 10, which only gives further evidence of your entire and absolute ignorance of the position of affairs, as I have never had any motion against Mr. Cuff, nor did the *Times* of Janary 30 state such a thing."

Now what is it that the *Times* of January 30th, page 3, column 1, does state? It gives a report of a case in the Chancery Division, *Taverner v. Cuff*, and it says:—

> "This was a motion on behalf of Mr. Wm. Taverner, the founder of the Spurgeon Memorial Society, to set aside an award made by Mr. Wm. Baker, the arbitrator."

The matter in dispute was a matter between Mr. Taverner and Mr. Cuff. It was a very serious matter, and it was referred to an arbitrator without pleadings, which means that he was really trying a new action. The arbitrator went dead against Mr. Taverner, who thereupon appealed to the Court of Chancery to set aside the award. Technically Mr. Taverner is right in saying that it was not a motion against Mr. Cuff. It was a motion against Mr. Wm. Baker, the arbitrator. But in substance and in fact, apart from technicalities, it was a motion against Mr. Cuff.

Mr. Taverner goes on to say:—

> "No judge in any court, either criminal or civil, has ever had any matter in connection with the National Old Age Pension Trust before him at any time."

That may be, but the two things—the Pension Trust and the Spurgeon Memorial Society—are not unrelated, and the serious point for Mr. Taverner is our reference to the view of his "claims to regard" taken by a judge of the High Court. We sought to show that the high opinion of Mr. Wm. Taverner entertained by a lady correspondent was a very different opinion to that entertained by a judge of the Court of Chancery. Whether we were right or wrong we leave our readers to decide after reading the following reference to Mr. Wm. Taverner made by Mr. Justice Kekewich in giving judgment in *Taverner v. Cuff*, and reported in the *Times* of January 30th last:—

> "When the plaintiff (that is, Mr. Taverner) was asked a question he responded by making a long speech. His evidence was full of inaccuracies, and was wholly untrustworthy."

When a judge states from the Bench that a person's evidence is "full of inaccuracies" and "wholly untrustworthy," it is pretty obvious that he has a very poor opinion of that person.

As to Mr. Taverner's Old Age Pension Trust, we have warned our readers against it before, and we warn them against it again. It is a seductive scheme, likely to mislead the ignorant and the credulous. The object it aims at, as explained by its creator, is praiseworthy. The endeavour to provide support for indigent old age other than that of the workhouse appeals to every humane man. The present Government, the strongest of modern times, backed by an enthusiastic majority, wishes to put into working shape some such scheme, but admittedly the difficulties are enormous, enormous for men with all the resources of the richest nation in the world behind them. And if *they* find them so heavy, if *they* hesitate before imposing upon the taxpayers of the Kingdom the burden any effective scheme involves, we leave it to the common sense of our readers to say whether Mr. Wm. Taverner, whose statements upon oath are, according to Mr. Justice Kekewich, "full of inaccuracies" and "wholly untrustworthy," is likely to be in a position to formulate and work a sound and practicable scheme, the only kind of scheme that would not do those who are parties to it in the way of subscribing to it, and relying upon it in the hour of need, infinitely more harm than good.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Actor as Spouter.

It sounds like a commonplace, almost a silly and superfluous commonplace, to say that the art and business of an actor is to act. It ought to be quite unnecessary, one knowing little or nothing of the modern actor might imagine, to emphasise so simple and commendable a proposition. Yet I do it as a humble servant of the public that feeds and clothes me in return for saying a few things that need saying, and as a warm friend to a profession whose members have few warm friends but many ardent parasites. The business and art of an actor is to act: not to cut a social dash, or figure in ridiculous picture papers run by fat elderly ladies, male and female, who tell him the people want to see his portrait day by day; or talk from public platforms, or write in magazines. In so far as he is an actor-manager—which is not invariably the same thing as an actor, although coincidences will happen—he may do all the things I have named: they are part of the trick of management, however, not of the art and business of acting, and should not be confused therewith. A good actor is seldom anything but an actor—a great actor, one might almost say is never anything else. There are instances, not only ancient but modern instances also, of first-rate dramatic talent being shown by men and women who sprang full-armed from out the city gutter.

Brains and the Specialist.

A great musician may lack brain in every other department of art and life; he may be an ass or a monster, or a bit of both—great composers generally are. The intellectual equipment of the great actor cannot be quite so narrow; he should have experience and knowledge of men and women, whom he mimics. All great artists must have imagination—to create in the painter visions of loveliness he never saw, in the musician harmonies (and discords) he never heard, in the actor types whose real conduct is an unveiled social mystery to him. Any regular reader of the daily Press and the monthly magazines will know more of the doings and morale of the Smart Set than the ordinary member of that Set. Most of our street arabs could give us a better imitation of the Bond Street loafer and his women friends than he could give us himself; in fact, does give us himself at some of the theatres. Stage life is not real life; it is a life of essential caricature, and to caricature a thing effectively for the men who pay the piper you must see it from the outside rather than from the inside. As the profession of acting has grown up out of the business and art of acting, as the actor has become respectable, our stage has undoubtedly lost to some extent, as well as gained. The half-educated amateur from the Bayswater high school and the London conservatoire is not in all respects an improvement as an actor on the less tutored child of the Clare Market slum. That is what the Old Brigade of critics and playgoers are conscious of vaguely when they lament the decay of acting in England.

The Coming of Change.

I do not admit the decay of acting in England, but I do recognise its changing qualities. Its defects will pass as the transformation matures; just as the Board School children

of a third generation will cease to read *Tit-Bits*, the *Daily Mail*, and the like, under the impression that they are improving their minds. All periods of social and artistic transition are full of excesses and absurdities, and the most foolish and needless of them that marks the passing of the old style and the coming of the new in the English theatre is the spouting actor. The teaching actor may or may not be a mistake—he generally is a very serious mistake. So with the writing actor. I know only one actor in England whose devotion to letters is justified by the result. I know none whose speeches were not better self-consumed in silence. Save when the actor is a wise actor (or actor-manager), and keeps a literary ghost who writes his speeches as well as his puffs preliminary, the actor's speech is often a burden grievous to be borne by his hearers. Sir Henry Irving, if report speak true, was a very wise actor, as well as a very delightful personality. He will live, therefore, no doubt as the most erudite and cultured of the English actors who have made much public speech.

Stage Speech and Platform Speech.

Speaking badly on the stage, many of our chief actors speak infinitely worse off the stage. Refusing to do the author of a play such poor honour as to learn the lines of his piece before the first night of its production (I say nothing of the meaning of the author, which is settled as a rule by the stage-manager to the satisfaction of at least two or three members of the cast), they mumble in their beards their own or their Press agent's words until their utterance in rational assemblies is drowned by the cracking of matches or talk of the weather. The actor in mufti becomes as colourless and uninteresting as the soldier unscarlet, the judge in shooting clothes. One of the most charming men connected with the British stage is Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the actor-manager of the Garrick Theatre. A prince among those light comedy actors in whom our theatre is richer than that of any other country, Mr. Bourchier has an equally gifted wife, a well-selected company, and usually a good play to show us. We see him gladly at the Garrick, and listen to him with the keenest pleasure. But at the Royal Institution, and on "The Limits of the Dramatic Art"! I do not say that he is tiresome there, but he certainly is stale, flat, and unprofitable. Only one point of interest did he raise in an oration of—shall we say an hour's duration? And on that point I beg respectfully to submit that the probabilities are against his being right. We all agree that each age has its artistic and literary atmosphere, and that this atmosphere moulds the men of the time, the while the men themselves contribute to that atmosphere.

Genius and the Stage.

"Genius has left the English stage alone since Shakespeare's day," according to Mr. Bourchier. It could more truly be said that the managers and the playgoers have left genius alone until just lately. That by the way. Mr. Bourchier attributes "much of the greatness of the Elizabethan drama" to the fact that "the Elizabethan dramatists were frankly rivals"; and then adds the very doubtful proposition that "Shakespeare probably did better work in that time of great men than he would have done in an age of less brilliant writers." By which Mr. Bourchier hits hard at his own generation. Of course, it is a very characteristic actor's view; it is the view of a man bred and working if not born in the limelight, entirely lacking or failing to comprehend the literary inspiration and conscience which has no use for rivalries, and kicks eternally against the commercial pricks that goad it. The literary view of Shakespeare and his relation to the age in which he lived, has been put by two living Englishmen of genius, who are writers not actors, one of them the most penetrating thinker among our novelists, the other the greatest philosophic wit among our dramatists. Mr. George Meredith thinks, and in such a speculation his opinion is to be preferred before that of any actor of them all—Mr. Bourchier or another—that given the materials of the nineteenth-twentieth centuries for the display of his wondrous intellect and word-power, Shakespeare would have been still more dazzling in his encyclopædic knowledge and the wide sweep of his imaginative horizon:—

. . . Calm as the god who the white sea-waves whips,
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us . . .
O lived the Master *now* to paint us Man,
That little twist of brain would ring a chime
Of whence it came and what it caused, to start
Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart.

And Mr. Bernard Shaw's assaults upon the Bardolatry of the Shakespeareans is really one long lament over the limited opportunities of William as compared with George. Once more I remind Mr. Bourchier and all others whom it may concern, that the business and art of the actor is to act.

P.

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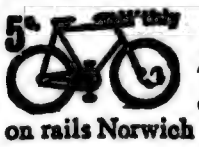
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WASTE.

By Jim Crow.

Chancing to go eastward in search of food the other day, I espied a poster with the strange device "Jim Crow on Waste." I bought a copy of the journal out of curiosity, and found there was no article by me and no article on Waste by any other body. So I determined, out of the infinite kindness of my heart, to make the sub-editor a prophet.

But stap my vitals if I know what to say about Waste. The first Lord Iddesleigh made the best speech of his life when he took "Nothing" for his subject. But then the subject was congenial to his empty mind. Now, at first sight waste is utterly foreign to a frugal disposition like mine. I have always been brought up on the good old maxim of "Waste not want not," and I labour abundantly to lay up a provision for what a tub-thumper would call "the evening of my days." To my frugality I owe my rude health, my freedom from debt, my genial spirits, and my unruffled brow.

WICKED WASTE.

It occurs to me, however, that there is something to be said for wicked waste. In the first place, a good deal of waste is unavoidable. Look at Nature, how lavish she is with the myriads of seeds, which never come to anything, and which, if they did come to anything, would turn the whole world into a jungle. Look at me, who week after week squander my winged words and beautiful thoughts upon an evil and ungrateful generation. How much of my priceless wisdom is destined to reach the usual destination of pearls! Yet, like Nature, I persevere for the sake of the faithful few.

THE PERILS OF PARSIMONY.

Being a sound political economist, I am bound to confess that extravagance is not good for trade. But let us consider what would happen if every man, woman, and child deliberately determined never to waste a moment or a halfpenny. In process of time, so much wealth would be accumulated that no one would need to work. A long period of idleness would follow until the wealth had been dissipated. Idleness would lead to peevishness, debauchery, and all manner of mischief. And, when the wealth was spent, no one would have any energy left, or any capacity for work. Let us not, therefore, carry the virtue of frugality to excess.

A PRESENT PARADISE.

The whole question of frugality versus waste resolves itself into this eternal issue between the joys of the present and the claims of the future.

"Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!"

And we have an even higher authority than Omar to bid us take no thought for the morrow.

Consider also the parable of the prodigal son. What does that teach us, my dear friends? Surely it teaches us that, when we have spent all our substance in riotous living, we shall always find someone to provide a fatted calf for us.

WHAT IS WASTE?

After all, what the dickens is Waste anyhow? Even the great lexicographer found it difficult to define. Asked "What is waste?" he replied, "Why, sir, breaking bottles, and a thousand other things. Waste cannot be accurately told, though we are sensible how destructive it is. Economy, on the one hand, by which a certain income is made to maintain a man genteely, and waste on the other, by which, on the same income, another man lives shabbily, cannot be defined. It is a very nice thing; as one man wears his coat out much sooner than another, we cannot tell how. I remember, when I was very young, an unreasoning nurse tried to teach me never to leave scraps on my plate. However, I confounded her by asking why it was more wasteful to eat what I did not want than to leave it for the delectation of the pigs. In the same philosophical spirit I now contend that there is no waste in throwing away anything (even time or money), which I do not happen to want. I will go further, and aver that the most mortifying waste of all is the waste of any opportunity for pleasure. What says Hafiz: 'If, like the rose, thou hast a grain of gold in thy possession, for Heaven's sake spend it on pleasure! for the cause of the fault of Karun was his desire for gathering gold.'"

THE PINCH OF POSTERITY.

Take politics. We all go running about the country clamouring for economy. So far so good, for it is wicked to grind the face of the poor to enrich great trusts or local contractors or the unemployable. But why does Chancellor of the Exchequer after Chancellor of the Exchequer appropriate our hard-earned monies for the reduction of national debt, otherwise for the relief of posterity? The only result of relieving posterity will be to tempt posterity to rush into fresh debt.

THE HURLY BURLY

By Theodore Dahle.

IX.—THE REVIVAL OF THE WASP WAIST.

A Bond Street dressmaker has been having lamentable conference with a reporter. "The newest Paris fashions," she said, "show a decided tendency to return to the wasp waist. As a consequence, ladies who want to wear these dresses will have to go back to tight-lacing if they have given it up." Now, I am not an authority on the latest *modes pour dames*. Much study has failed to enlighten me as to the eternal difference between a gusset and a gore, a bolero and a tuck. I do not know a straight-fronted corset from one that is bent in the back. I could not tell you at a glance which lady who passes me is wearing a hip-pad and which an improver, though I have been told that there is a certain lateral movement east by west which makes their presence or absence obvious to the least observant eye. I regret my ignorance, but I cannot help it.

But there is one thing about the adorable sex to which even I cannot profess to be blind. I know a wasp waist when I see it just as some other people may know it when they get their arms round it. It marks the mathematical point where the lady would break if she fell. It is visible as the part where nature ends and a long pull and a strong pull on the corset laces begins. In mean circumference it is something between sixteen inches and the neck of a decanter. And they say it is coming into fashion again. Well, it can come, but I shall not have one. I never could get below forty-eight inches under my waistcoat.

There are two things I always regret to see in this world; one is a man running to seed and the other a woman running to waist. Physiologically, the wasp waist is an outrage on the female form divine, though I am not denying that it may be pleasant enough to sit on the sofa with. Perhaps you have not seen the Venus de Milo, regarded by all the greater authorities as one of the most perfect examples of sculptured beauty in existence. I have never measured this lady, even what there is left of her; but I undertake to say without any hesitation that she never wore a sixteen-inch corset, and could not have got into one under thirty-five inches at the least. Once round the waist of Venus de Milo is about equal to a walk round our rain tub, yet she represents the beauty of nature as interpreted in the imperishable marble of Grecian art. If it were possible to rig out Venus in Bond Street in the latest robe de saison and the largest cart-wheel hat with feathers, and then send her out in time for church parade in the Park, everyone would turn round to look at her. They would admit she looked healthy, even if they wondered where her waist had got to. They would agree she was a fine woman, even though they called upon the Commissioner of Parks, Woods, and Forests to widen the footpath. The prime physiological necessity of woman is not a sixteen-inch corset, but room to expand.

I am prepared to admit that the tremendous waist is not popular with the sex which has the felicity to be mine. Men like the more recherchés delicacies, and it is their demand for something they can get their arms round in comfort which is probably responsible for the effort of the modern woman ruthlessly to limit the space she would otherwise occupy on an earth to which she has brought so much sin and woe. A forty-inch waist threading the mazy dance in the uncertain clutch of a thirty-six inch arm cannot but be conscious of the fact that it is not the envy of its sex. A large waist, in truth, is out of place alike in the glittering ballroom and the gloaming tryst. It is unromantic in a conservatory and incongruous under the deodar. It is no use in a love story, and no subject for a poem. It is, in short, a glory for the cook; and even so, the policeman on the beat usually marries somebody circumferentially smaller.

But while the healthily small, natural waist is a beautiful thing of its kind, the unnatural, corset-made wasp waist is another matter altogether, and in the interests of feminine physiology I trust the fashion will be strictly limited to the utterly impossible, the terribly unpicturesque, and the indubitably insane. It is not indispensable. A woman can live without it, and it is certain that she will live more healthily and longer without it than with it. It neither looks well nor wears well; is neither a boon nor a blessing. If, as a mere man I were to be asked to arbitrate on the question whether the crinoline should come in or the wasp waist should stay out, my solemn award should go to the crinoline. The crinoline may be draughty, but it is a roomy place to dwell in, and never did any permanent harm to a living woman that I know of. But the wasp waist is a short and easy way to a cemetery.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That Ireland thinks half a loaf better than no bread.
That King Alfonso is practising the "cradle" stroke.
That England is "going to the Deakins."
That the rise in bread is due to the scarcity of spring flowers.
That Signor Caresso has been seen at the Zoo.
That the Rand miners have "struck" upon a "reef."
That Winston Churchill's motto is, "*C'est le Premier coup qui coûte.*"
That the prospect for Woolwich is full of "promise."

Two destroyers grounded on the Barber Sands last week. They had a close shave.

The claret trade offers a curious paradox. The "consumption" is rapidly increasing, and yet there is no "decline."

In spite of the Lord Chamberlain's action, the "Mikado brace" is still keeping up.

An American clerk has been blinded by slipping on a piece of chewing gum. We should have thought lockjaw would have been more likely.

SOME EVENS:—
Even a pen does write.
Even a picture won't hang itself.
Even a ship has its own way.
Even a hat must have a nap.
Even a knife will steel.
Even perfect houses have rents.
Even a belle wants a ring.
Even matches will strike.
Even coats have fits.
Even a shirt gets cuffs when collared.
Even a light gets put out.
Even wood may be a deal bored.
Even a Blue Book may be read
Even a pier may go to sea.
Even a pig can be cured.
Even stamps have to be licked.

"Toddles" recently reached its 300th performance. It seems to toddle better than most plays can run.

Charged with intoxication, an Ealing cabby attributed his condition to a cigar given him by a fare. Whatever the brand was, it Flor'd Jehu.

False eyelashes may now be obtained. They should make the wearers smart.

A provincial visitor who went down the Thames recently said he could not hear Barking Creek because the steamboat band was playing "Hum, sweet Hum."

Said a certain old Tory of Bude,
"The manners of Winston are crude.
Now when *I* shut a door,
I just close it—no more,
But slamming and bolting is rude."

"Men must work, and women must weep"—to get what the men work for.

"Americans have no statesmen, only politicians," says Charles Marriott. But their politicians are States-men.

The liar who hesitates is lost.

"There are five sorts of voices," says Oscar Hammerstein. "Grand opera, light opera, concerts, voices for the hand-waggon, and shouting at husbands." He forgets invoices.

When a man says he will be perfectly frank with you it usually means that he intends to say something impertinent, or to deceive you.

Long sleeves are to be the fashion, and girls are already saying they can't bare elbows.

A contemporary says:—"There is nothing absolutely bad." The lady who had an egg thrown in her face at Wimbledon is of a different opinion.

During a visit to the crypt of St. Paul's, the Premier of New Zealand, according to the *Mail*, "delivered a speech to some boys standing on life's threshold." A cryptic utterance, no doubt—with occasional references to the closed door.

Commenting on the statement of the *Times* that "the country is beginning to live on its own hump," the *Star* says:—"If we had Protection there would be no hump to live on." It ought to have said there would be nothing else but "hump," and that nearly everybody would have it.

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The train of evils that follows this form of "self-infection" is almost limitless. Numberless Disorders are induced and finally Constipation slays its victims by thousands, although some other disease may be named on the Death Certificate.

Constipation tortures when it does not actually kill, and renders its victims incapable of making the most of themselves in business, in social life, or the intellectual world. It robs the Complexion of its clearness, the Eye of its brightness, the step of its elasticity. Constipation gives rise to Indigestion, with its many symptoms of Biliousness, Nausea, and Headache. The Nervous system suffers by the presence of harmful irritants. Constipation is indeed more prolific in producing Human Misery than any other cause.

What do we mean by Constipation.

The condition medically known as "Constipated" or "Costive" is present when the Bowels are not relieved thoroughly once a day. This relief must be obtained by natural means. Drastic Salines only intensify the mischief and reduce the strength. The ordinary cheap pills so largely sold contain Aloes, a most unsatisfactory Laxative that produces Piles and leads to further Constipation. The true and soundly medical remedy is Guy's Fruit Pills, prepared from a prescription culled from Nature itself.

Guy's Fruit Pills

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SOME DEFINITIONS:—
Incompetence.—A qualification for Government employment.
Incompatability.—An excuse for marriage.
Inconstancy.—A variety of love.
Inconvenience.—A system of deferred payment.
Husband.—The man who carves the meat on Sundays.
Idiot.—A man in love.
Imps.—Children.
Impatient.—A fiancé.
Imperishable.—Cold mutton.

There ought really to be some supervision over advertisements. Here is Mdme. Tussaud's advertisement:—"King and Queen of Spain. Up-to-date additions."

Two Austrian archæologists claim to have discovered the real and only Jericho, as taken by Joshua. Perhaps they will now discover the sun and moon which stood still.

Miss Billington married, and now Miss Gawthorpe engaged! Really, it does seem as if lovely woman is getting her rites.

For any body of men to steal a twelve-mile railway is a big order: it appears to have happened in Ireland. But we hardly credit the statement that, "when a man came down with a crane to take away the girders, the sergeant of police prevented him, and took it upon himself."

The Rev. G. Galloway is kandid, anyhow. In the *Hibbert Journal* he kontributes a kurious article on "What we Religious Thinkers Owe to Kant." What, indeed!

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL POSERS:—
Why did they *Hammersmith?*—Because he wouldn't *Andover.*
Why were *Nuneaton?*—Because they were made of *Oldham.*
Why did the *Oxford?*—Because there was no *Cambridge.*
Why did they stop the *Redcar?*—Because of too much *Tooting.*
Why did they cut off *Felixstowe?*—Because it wasn't *Ealing.*
Why was the cyclist *Hitchin?*—Because he fell in the *Redditch.*
Where did they have the *Newport?*—In the *Potter's Bar.*
Why did they go to *Bath?*—To get out the *Staines.*
Why did he *Cosham?*—Because they were always *Chipping Norton.*
Why did they want *Broadstairs?*—Because they were *Wapping.*

At Garston a man entirely without clothing recently mounted a tramcar, but fortunately he was covered in mud from head to foot.

"Born tired" must take a back seat, as a doctor has diagnosed the malady as "Lanchyistomiasisduodenalis." Jim Crow says he has got it.

The Countess Montignoso, it appears, had a copy of "Faust" inside her Prayer-book, to avoid being bored at church. We are putting a Prayer-book edition of "Bull's Eyes" in hand.

Lord Meath considers the daisy should be worn by all on Empire Day. Several well-known persons, however, suggest the following:—
Sir Thomas Lipton.—Buttercup.
Edna May.—Marigold.
Ellaline Terriss.—Bluebell.
Chairman L.C.C.—London Pride.
The Kaiser.—Sweet William.
Harry Marks.—Stocks.
Lord Northcliffe.—Dahlia.
Lord Roberts.—Flag.
Archbishop of Canterbury.—Canterbury Bells.
Editor *Sporting Times.*—Pink.
Editor *Punch.*—Chestnut.
Editor *Pall Mall.*—Aster.
Mr. Salmon.—Sweet Briar.
Mr. Gluckstein.—Tobacco Plant.
Duke of Devonshire.—Poppy.
John Morley.—Jonquil.

Mr. Galloway Fraser, editor of *Tit-Bits*, has been made a magistrate for Middlesex. He will doubtless favour short sentences.

The *Telegraph* goes to the expense of recording by special telegram that "one of the wives of the Sultan of Turkey has just given birth to a Princess." But, really, this must be an almost hourly occurrence.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—
"The Resurrection of His Grace" is announced. Is the Duke of Devonshire waking up?
"The Romance of the Mighty Deep," just published, is not by the author of "Artful Cards."
The price of "The Kingdom of Man" is 3s. 6d. It seems a lot of money for such a precious little estate.

At Acton a man asserted that he had as good a right to beg as General Booth or Mr. Carlile. We agree, but he must call himself an "Army."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

C. F. S. (Streatham), J. H. (London, N.E.), and others.—The editor has sent you a copy of the verbatim report of his speech on the Budget. Any other reader can have one upon application.

E. P. R. (Sheffield) directs our attention to a report in a Leicester paper of a case in which a boy, aged 12, was charged with stealing, in which it is stated that, having no father or mother, his mother-in-law gave him a good character. Altogether our contemporary appears to have got a bit mixed.

M. W. H. (Brixton).—We shall be pleased to forward any communication you like to address to "P." on the subject of his contributions. We cannot, however, open a discussion.

"DOUBTER" (Shortlands) wishes to know whether the Secretary of the French Club, Soho, paid us for our recent reference to that institution. "Doubter" is evidently a bit of a wag.

J. M. (Essex).—It was a printer's error, but you will notice that Jim Crow has since dealt with it.

P. C. W.—We have not yet seen any Report of the Commission on Railway Couplings, and would suggest your communicating with Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.

W. S. (Kirkdale).—Thanks for amusing cutting. You evidently don't believe that the country is overwhelmingly in favour of Tariff Reform. But the yellow papers are very positive.

J. MCSOMETHING (illegible) writes at great length and with some indignation. He begins:—"I see that you do not intend to answer my question—namely, Why are you not a Protectionist?" We answer with pleasure: Because wo do not believe in making the rich richer and the poor poorer. If only our space were unlimited, we would gladly refute all our friend's fallacies.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (Kennington) tells us that "every man upon joining the preparatory class of the Metropolitan Police at Kennington Lane are (sic) requested by the sergeant-in-charge to purchase a pair of slippers at a certain shop." The slippers only last three weeks, and 40 or 50 men pass out of the place weekly. What has Mr. Gladstone to say to this?

A. E. R. (Regent's Park) returns to the charge against the Charity Organisation Society, and suggests that Jim Crow should be dressed up as "a very respectable artisan" and apply to them for help. But if Jim looked too respectable they might think he had means, and we are sure they would not approve of his recent visit to Monte Carlo. We are quite ready to admit that the Society is inquisitorial, but some sternness is necessary to distinguish between the unfortunate and cadgers. On the whole, the Society does good, and if the Secretary is paid £1,000 a year, he works hard to earn it.

"YORKER" (Barnsley).—We note all you say with many thanks. We may be dealing with the whole question of fraudulent directories before very long.

R. Y. (Sutton) quotes two halfpenny papers of May 8th. One says Queen Ena drove on the 7th; the other that she remained indoors. Anyhow, she has done her duty now.

W. W. (Bruce Grove), having communicated with Messrs. Thridgould, of 18-20, Sidney Street, Commercial Road, as requested by them, says they have now treated him quite fairly in the matter of which he complained, but they have *not* enlightened him as to how his signature got into the possession of the Brahmo Watch rogues. It would be interesting to know.

H. T. (Westminster) wants to know whether Thridgould's are connected with the British Watch Company—who have also got his signature from a letter addressed to the former firm. We don't know. Have nothing to do with either of them.

F. S. (Cape Town) sends us a threepenny bit "to start a subscription for sending Mr. Keir Hardie out to a Kaffir kraal," whence F. S. thinks he "will emerge a sadder and a wiser man." F. S. says our paper is much appreciated at the Cape. We are glad to hear it, and are sending him a copy of OVER-SEAS for his threepenny bit.

G. N. (London).—You are quite right, but we are sometimes compelled to study the conventions.

MR. H. NORMAN GRAY, the Hon. Secretary of the S.E. Union of Scientific Societies, 334, Commercial Road, E., sends us an interesting pamphlet on the law of treasure trove, which every-one interested in the subject should get.

"YOUNG ENGINEER" (Southport).—We have handed your letter to the editor of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

C. K. J. (Harringay) wants a biscuit for the *Weekly Dispatch* for stating in one part of its sporting article of May 12th, "The Chester Vase is a new race and a successful enterprise," and in another part, "Financially the new race for the Chester Vase proved a failure, and cost the executive over £1,000." But that is nothing to some of the funny things "Larry Lynx" occasionally writes.

"ONE OF JOHN BULL'S FRIENDS" suggests that we should award a biscuit to Dr. Emile Reich for writing to the newspapers that the little Spanish baby's smile "will teach the Spanish that their natural, if not yet legal, allies are Great Britain and France." We should like a full description of an Anglo-French smile.

W. J. K. (Birmingham) and J. A. D. (Wood Green).—We are not numismatists, except as regards the current coin of the realm.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Castle Douglas, N.B.).—All right. No more Dooley.

W. R. (Ascot).—Which of the two in the photo is you? They are both wonderfully alike—especially the one sitting down. (Will Scotch readers kindly not award us a biscuit for this?)

F. J. (Miles Platting) thinks it must have been a dreadful ordeal to Mr. Winston Churchill to be limited to a five-minutes' speech on the occasion of the visit of the Colonial Premiers to Manchester. Winston, however, can get more into five minutes than most men into an hour.

H. T. (Upper Clapton).—Thanks for newspaper cutting, but the weather has been too hot lately to wade through it.

"NEPTUNE" (Manor Park) and others.—We believe the *Telegraph* publishes two editions, and no doubt the matter was taken out of the second issue of the 3rd.

W. S. W. (Sheffield).—We quite agree that the Rev. Mr. Snell should have quite enough to do in properly attending to his own duties.

C. R. B. (Streatham) points out that Macaulay, in his essay on Byron, uses language almost identical to that of our contributor "P." in his article "Among the Mummers," to the effect that British people periodically suffer from moral spasms at intervals of a decade or so. Another instance of great minds thinking alike, but we think C. R. B. will agree that "P.'s" articles are extremely interesting.

C. Q. (King's Lynn).—Sorry we cannot spare Lord Northcliffe any more biscuits at present. We must allow him time to digest those already administered to him.

J. C. McR. (Edinburgh).—We will give the Bills our best consideration when they come on.

"MATADOR" (Sheffield) does not like Vera Canute's sonnets, and this is his idea of what the lady will probably write in the autumn:—

"Come, August, bind your fly-blown, matted hair,
And call to September,
For in my back-yard doth appear—
(Humph! can't just remember),
So come, October, shout out for November."

And here's another:—

"Out from my heart there wells a flood,
Of Love more red than wine.
Oh, wallow in this loving blood,
And let me bathe in thine!"

But if "Matador" thinks Vera Canute's verses injurious to JOHN BULL, what has he to say for himself? The matador is the man who *kills* the Bull!

J. R. M. (Manchester).—Your poem beginning, "Oh, darling, sing to me again," is not in our line.

ERIC R. (Halifax).—No, we don't want an article on juvenile smoking. If you have a boy who smokes, whack him.

HAMLET (Streatham).—We have read nineteen lines of your play. The other nineteen thousand nine hundred and nineteen pleased us more, however. Will you have it back by post or pantechnicon?

BEGINNER (Willesden).—Marked your verses for return when we reached the line, "Her golden hair hung loosely down." Why don't you make her tie it up? She is old enough, isn't she?

J. S. (Edinburgh).—Ye've brocht your wares tae the wrang market. Isna there no waste-paper merchants in your toon?

B. SOLOMONS (Bermondsey).—If you improve at the rate you are doing you'll presently attain enough eminence in literature to chop sticks. In fact, you had better start chopping sticks at once.

BULLITE (Vancouver).—One hundred and ninety thousand authors have written about the cruel father who disinherited his son because the young man wanted to marry a beautiful actress, who also had no money. Cut out the cruel father, the disinherited son, and the beautiful actress, and boil the other characters. They deserve it.

B. R. (Salford).—Article on Deakin, Australian Premier, received. Why the Deakins did you do it?

D. B. (Chalk Farm).—Is that all you want for it—five guineas? As a compromise, we'll publish the article as an advertisement for twenty-five guineas, with your name in half-inch letters top and bottom, and fancy work down the sides.

M. C. writes from the Ritz Hotel, wondering why Herbert Vivian never by any chance reviews books favourably, and objecting to the u in "pourtray." Mr. Vivian replies:—"It is a matter of principle to retain the picturesque u in as many words as possible, and I have the authority of Dr. Johnson for the spelling of "pourtray." The elimination of the most charming letter in the alphabet is one of the many transpontine curses which are withering our ancient language. If I gave way about pourtray, resiliency would next be expected with regard to chaunt, pleasaunce, and other magic words. As to my critical attitude, it is explained by the fact that the number of bad books exceeds that of the good ones. Disraeli said that all books were nonsense except those which are written to refute that nonsense, and literature has not improved since his days. But I have praised some books, howbeit reluctantly—for instance, 'Closed Doors,' 'The Adventures of the Hon. Leo Fantassé,' 'The Drums of Fate,' Mr. Machen's works, and even 'Get On or Get Out.' Does not this pourtray an indulgent mind?" Mr. Vivian evidently has in mind the old riddle, "Which letter in the aphabet do you like best?"—"I like u best, darling." And, by the way, we observe an illustration in the *Daily Chronicle* of May 14th headed "Children *Pour*traying the Trial of Charles I." So that settles it.

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of Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Silverware, &c., and note the prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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12/6

H. V. B. (Monte Carlo) sends us a copy of *Barnett's Weekly*, which contains some very disrespectful references to Mr. Crow.

P. E. (Clapham Junction) sends particulars of the rapacity of some hire furnishers. They received £50, and then seized the furniture because £1 9s. remained unpaid. We agree with P. E. that their names should be revealed. If he will tell us who they are, we will oblige.

W. R. C. (Hampstead).—Delighted to hear that you know of firms who are prepared to pay more for the goods they require, provided they are British made. Our experience is that most traders buy what they require upon the principle of getting the best article in the cheapest market.

J. D. (Manchester).—We must not crow too much about other papers' printers' errors. Look at our own sometimes.

"FIELDADCO" (London, N.E.).—Have nothing to do with "John Weston and Co.," of 30, Duke Street, St. James's, who say they have "a larger amount of capital than they can employ in their business." Ask them if they know anything about a Mr. Pockett, who went to prison in connection with "preliminary fee" frauds.

"OBSERVER" (Lytham).—We quite agree that badly conducted clubs ought to be severely dealt with, but there are plenty of working-men's clubs quite as respectable as those of the rich, and we object to legislation for one which does not equally apply to the other.

F. H. M. (Chiswick) quotes a statement from *Cassell's Saturday Journal* to the effect that a razor makes from 400 to 700 strokes every shave. We don't believe it, but we can't give biscuits for every exaggeration. There would be none left for our bull-dog. However, here is a problem for Saturday afternoon: How many razor strokes would it take to shave a man with more cheek than P.O'T?

A. C. L. (Hampstead) sends us an advertisement from the *Kent and Sussex Courier* for a sewing maid, who must be "willing to attend to little girl 9½ years, attend mistress' bedroom, and valet gentleman." Another chance for the suffragettes!

"CHRONIC PERUSER" (Winchmore Hill) sends us a batch of literature from the Cartilage Company, Rochester, New York, upon the interesting topic of "How to Grow Tall"—for three guineas. We are disposed to think that dealings with the Cartilage Company are more likely to result in their clients getting "short."

OUR OLD FRIEND, Mr. Algernon Ashton, has another complaint to make about a neglected grave—this time it is the tomb of "the great actress Sarah Siddons"—whose resting place in Paddington Churchyard is "in a most dirty and neglected condition, so dirty in fact that not even a single word of the once perfectly legible inscription can be deciphered." We do not suppose its makes much difference to Mrs. Siddons. We hope Mr. Ashton will keep his eye on our sarcophagus when we are gone.

"PHYSICUS" (Southwark).—We know nothing about the London Institute of Physical Exercises. Strange as it may appear, we do not know everything.

A. R. McI. (Edinburgh) has read a copy of the endless-chain prayer—the invention of "Bishop" Lawrence, and has been warned not to break the chain on pain of terrible consequences on the 9th day. A. R. McI. evidently does not know that "Bishop" Lawrence is an eccleciastical quack.

W. D. L. (Ilford) asks our opinion of Hapgoods and their methods. If W. D. L. had been a regular reader, he would have known that we made a special investigation into this firm's methods of business some time ago, and were satisfied as to its genuineness.

F. C. W. T.—We cannot tell you when Jas. Wood (commonly known as "Jimmy" Wood) died, but his successor, Sir Matthew Wood, 1st baronet (created in 1837) died on September 25th, 1843. Perhaps you could find the information you want in "The Country Banker," by Rae, published in 1885. You can see it in the British Museum—if you can get in. We do not know of any legal aid society to which we could safely refer you.

A. B. P. writes from Cape Colony that he liked us at first, but now has come to the conclusion that we are a fraud, and that we exist "only by blackmail." It is a good thing for A. B. P. that he is out of the jurisdiction.

J. M. A. (Gosforth).—We know nothing about Professor Keith-Harvey, the deaf specialist, beyond what he says in his advertisements. No complaints have, however, reached us.

B. H. (Nottingham).—We must not be too hard on local papers. The editor in this case appears to have lost his head, as well as his nominative.

"MISERABLE" (London) got wet through two years ago, and has been deaf ever since. He has tried several hospitals without obtaining any relief. He might try the Royal Ear Hospital (42 and 43, Dean Street, Soho.)

ROBERT AMER (Islington).—What? Will we tell you what we think of your commentary on the Psalms? No, we won't. Do you suppose we train pupils for the ministry?

M. LEVER (Leeds).—Why will you write such deathless verse?

"She gazed far out upon the sea,
The wind was in her hair,
She looked an' saw that he had gone,
And thote it was very queer,"

is too lofty for this paper. Publish it on somebody's wall. Is your *real* name Austin?

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Orby's Gallops.

Mr. R. Croker's new private training-ground adjoins Leopardstown race-course.

Can Afford it.

Danny Maher has a compact little suite of rooms at the New Gaiety Hotel, Strand, which he keeps on all the year round.

True!

If all sporting journalists worked together—and were in league in lieu of jealous rivalry—the Bishops and faddists would soon be downed.

Would do Here.

There is no racing at all during the winter in Holland, their season running from March to November inclusive, during which all their sport is "mixed," viz., flat and jumping.

Hope Beppo wasn't Similarly Backed.

Who is the bookmaker who, after laying a young owner a very heavy wager against a winner, told him "all he had to pay out with was fourteen pigs"?

True!

Justice and sentiment in regard to racing matters are not "in it" against a little favour obtainable in the RIGHT direction.

A "Trier."

I am pleased to see that Harry Garratt, the Epsom trainer-jockey, is getting on and having more patronage, as he deserves. I do like a "workman," even if he is unfashionable.

Luck must be Immediate.

Unless a backer finds a winner early in the day, he very rarely indeed does any good. After being on one or two losers it becomes the "getting out" stakes.

The old "Over the Hedge" Story.

I hear that in our Colonies, as well as here, it is some of the big stables that are the greatest sinners as regards the in-and-out form of their horses.

What will this Week Prove?

Notice how some jockeys never win a race upon courses like York, which take riding over; others, like Madden, win a big percentage of their mounts there.

Wild Aster's Possessor.

Mr. G. Walmsley, the owner of several useful horses, is an assumed name possessed by a Lancastrian—not unknown in the cotton world and a good sportsman.

It is Usually the Other Way.

A backer's luck really is to be on losers when betting s.p., and for the horse he is following to "come up" when present at a meeting. It is then that one bets ten times heavier than at home.

Not Figureheads.

The right sort of stewards are those as at Wye; not necessarily titled men, but experienced owners and trainers themselves, like Viscount Hardinge, Sir J. Honywood, Messrs. E. M. Leveson-Gore, F. E. L. Swan, and G. Gully.

One's Fancies.

After staying away from a meeting and seeing the results, don't think that had you been present you would have had a good day. One is very apt to believe it.

A Sport!

The latest seductive wheeze to catch entries is that the fee includes "free stabling." The bait is not very alluring, seeing that by paying £5 (or probably £20 acceptance) to put a horse in one may get 5s. worth of stabling and fodder free, IF that horse happens to run.

Querido, Polar Star, Beppo, and Slieve Gallion.

Bookmakers are quite right in complaining that although plenty of horses may go out in a market upon a race they do not get any money out of them, as their punters invariably seem to go for just the same two or three.

Now is the time for sportsmen to seriously consider with whom they intend to entrust their turf commissions during the summer of 1907. There is certainly no turf accountant who transacts his business more carefully and thoroughly than Mr. E. W. Betts, of 41, Charing Cross Road. The features of this business house are generosity of terms and promptitude in all settlements. The investor of small amounts will be glad to hear that Mr. Betts makes a speciality of accepting small commissions. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business.—(ADVT.)

"House" Ill-Luck.

It is a gruesome coincidence that the two recent severe accidents to the jockeys, Arthur Birch at steeplechasing, and G. Templeman on the flat, should both have been at Gatwick, and both upon horses belonging to popular Stock Exchange men—Black Ivory to Mr. J. D. Cohn, and Dutch to Mr. Paul Nelke.

Betting in the Dark.

If backers could only SEE the "s.p. merchant" they bet with it would save them from being "had." There is a lot in appearances—and on a race-course we are always cautious to "look" before we wager. At s.p. we are influenced by the swagger stationery and liberal rules.

A Kempton Innovation.

Fulfilling his promise to me, a telegraph office on the course was provided for the public by Mr. Walter Hyde at the recent Jubilee meeting at Kempton, but was so little known, or expected, that on the first day only seven messages were handed in. Those who do not go into rings must bear in mind, in future, that such telegraphic facilities are at their disposal.

Necessity Suggests Invention.

The accident to Templeman thereby proving the possibility of a recurrence, suggests what has probably never been thought of—that the black-board of a winning-post is always liable to be dangerous when placed flush with the rails. There can be no reason why this board—with either a white post or a similar white line painted down it—should not be put back a foot or so from the rails so that it could never be in the way either of a swerving horse or, as seems much more likely still, of a jockey's leg being bored towards it.

Bookies' Difficulties.

Some backers, like some bookmakers, are very dilatory in sending cheques for a week's losing account, the promptness with which this is done being entirely dependent upon whether they are going racing or not. If they want to go, and bet, and are likely to meet the fielder, they part early in the week, otherwise probably delay until the Thursday, Friday, or even the Saturday, when they meet them. Thus a bookmaker must have a double capital, seeing that he *has* to settle on the Monday—especially in the account at the clubs—and yet have probably a bigger sum due to him on outstanding claims from clients who are termed "private." Yet one is forced to conclude that a backer hasn't a million to one chance in racing, for the layers bet to figures (where it is at all possible, which is admittedly not in every race), and then have zero coming up for them in a turn up every now and again to scoop the lot.

Improvement Needed.

Now that most executives have looked after the horses and provided a ring for their parade in the paddock, they should begin to look after the bookmakers, and bring about their spreading out more in the enclosure rather than huddling together in one corner so that nobody can get about

Now Ready,

The most vivid racehorse portraits ever produced.

MINTAGON (C. TRIGG Up.)

POLYMELUS (D. MAHER Up.)

the respective popular winners of the

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in fac-simile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX"

The writer of these notes is added.

POST FREE, 6d.,

From the Publisher, "John Bull,"

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., E.C.

and their own business is hampered. Don't they trust themselves to know their own customers and to bet to figures, or must they hang together like a flock of sheep?

Backers Heed.

A case has been decided in the Courts whereby a backer was declared not "on" in consequence of his wires not being "*despatched*" from the telegraphic office before the set time of the race as stipulated by the bookmaker's rules. This is really an old-time ruse with even some of the straightest bookmakers, inasmuch as it gives them a (somewhat justified) loophole of escape when a man wins a substantial bet. Invariably, as holders of the message, the original can be inspected, and very frequently indeed—as in this case—is it found that backers (prone to leave the handing in of their wires until close on to the time of the race) are in order as far as they think, and can govern it by the message being timed—when handed in—prior to the set hour. Yet there is a discrepancy of three or four minutes, or probably more (in this case it extended to eighteen minutes) between the actual time of HANDING IN and the actual time of DISPATCH—of which few backers are aware and none able to subsequently discover. Therefore bookmakers very carefully draft the rules to include the word "dispatch," which backers naturally take to mean the handing in by them—and which it certainly should mean. It doubtless would—and does—when they lose; if the reverse the "rule" comes in, and they're "not on." Nice!

If t'were only True.

A mere circular recently sent out by the Jockey Club to Clerks of the Course was very quickly, and eagerly, made a peg upon which to hang the keen expectation of the whole racing forces that the authorities were at last inclined to take action for the protection of racing and its countless followers. Failing such being evident, a very sensible suggestion has been made that the authorities should be frankly asked if they DO intend to move, and to what extent. More could be done in one day with their influence and authority than one hundred little men could agitate for, successfully, in six months. But if the turf rulers are prone to defend themselves and racing against these ceaseless vindictive attacks of the faddists, they are leaving matters perilously, if not unnecessarily, late.

Prophetic.

Hurst Park, as quite an uncommon thing, claims the Saturday before Derby week as atonement for a lost date earlier in the season. The only suggestion that I can now make is that CADWAL should be followed, each way of course, in the Palace Handicap, while as to the Derby, it seems useless to look beyond

SLIEVE GALLION,

although it is by no means a betting race. After the rush and scramble of Epsom week there will be plenty of much more suitable wagering chances.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. L. (Weston-super-Mare).—Have nothing to do with these racing "syndicates."

"ANXIOUS" (Tamworth).—We do not recommend you to have any dealings with the Hague firm in question.

Extract from the *War Office Times and Naval Review*, April, 1907:—

"RACING AND THE SERVICES."

As a good many of our readers have asked our opinion on this point, we have caused exhaustive enquiries to be made in sporting circles, with the result that we can confidently recommend Mr. Daniel M. Gant (Member of Tattersall's), of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., as a Commission Agent who gives the very best terms possible to be obtained, and who bears the highest reputation. Mr. Gant's is one of the largest businesses of the kind in the world. That his terms are liberal may be deduced from the fact that he has no limit in regard to the starting price returned. Most Commission Agents, we may remind our readers, either from lack of capital, or disinclination to pay the full price, impose arbitrary limits, 12 to 1, 16 to 1, 20 to 1, and so on. Mr. Gant, we repeat, has no limit, and should the price of a winner be returned at 100 to 1, those odds are paid to the fortunate winner.

A. HEATHORN
(Member of Tattersall's)
51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.
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your while to send for my useful booklet of Rules and Ready Reckoner, and no sportsman should be without a copy. It will be sent gratis and post free on receipt of application. Write to-day to
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Telephones:
3615 GERRARD, 4190 CENTRAL.

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The Derby, The Oaks, &c.
Double and Treble Events, S.P., and Accumulatives at S.P.,
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Attaches directly to user's body. No wall or other supports necessary. FOR BOTH SEXES from childhood to old age.

The most notable invention in Physical Appliances for the last 50 years. Patented and Trade Marked in Ten Countries.

A Tall, Straight, Symmetrical and Graceful Figure is the outcome of correct light Exercise. The Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer is the result of 15 years of close study of the Human Frame, and in this unique apparatus is carefully thought out the only true basis from which all bodily and organic improvement can be derived. It has been ascertained beyond dispute that the essence of True Exercise is Bodily Resistance, a fact which, strange to say, has been completely overlooked by the Leading Exponents of Physical Culture. Every ounce of resistance created by the human body means stored-up physical energy.

The user of a Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer creates all his own resistance by bringing his body into direct opposition with the apparatus. **It being attached to the user's body;** it is the most Perfect Body Developing Apparatus extant, and by no other method can a straight, symmetrical and well-set figure be obtained. The Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer attaches by the Feet, Shoulders, and Waist, and is the only physical appliance out of 500 varieties selling in all parts of the World that complies with this imperative requirement.

Such antiquated and unscientific Methods as are in vogue to-day, for instance, Dumbbells, Indian Clubs, Rubber Wall Exercises, give little or no resistance to the body, consequently the Exercise done, beyond building up *unnecessary muscle*, is futile. Hence we have again and again the strange spectacle of useless and unsightly muscular development (usually in the arms and legs), together with bodily degeneration, weak organs and loss of vitality.

When exercising with an appliance attached to the wall, the amount of bodily resistance created is comparatively small. It is the wall that gets the most of it.

In spite of vastly increased attention given nowadays to physical culture, the modern civilised man and woman often exhibit marked signs of physical deterioration. WHY? The first reason is up to now the *absence of any real intelligent method*. The kind of work advocated so much of late years by "strong men," or "weight-lifters," by whom one is advised to make supreme efforts to pull a wall down by means of cords attached thereto, or to indiscriminately juggle with dumb-bells, clubs, and such-like, is harmful, excepting perhaps to the "*Survival of the fittest.*"

With the Sandell-Gray every muscle in the entire body is correctly and gently exercised at one and the same time in different ways by different exercises, consequently every separate movement tends to make the body *as a whole* more physically perfect, supple and graceful. The principle of self-attachment, so simple yet so scientifically important, is the principal feature of a series of patents in the principal Countries of the World.

Presented to every purchaser of a Sandell-Gray is a course of selected movements adapted to his or her physical needs. These movements comprise a period of three months' instruction, and carried out with trifling care and patience, will create a really remarkable and striking improvement in the Carriage, Deportment, Figure and Health of the user. Constructed in various sizes the **Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer** meets all individual requirements, *but to obtain the maximum amount of benefit be careful to fill in the coupon A. with accurate particulars.*

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SENT ON FOUR DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

The price of the Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer is 15s., together with 3 months' course of individual instructions, but the apparatus complete will be sent with a preliminary series of 4 lessons on Four Days' ABSOLUTELY FREE TRIAL, to any genuine applicant on receipt of a deposit of 2s.6d. as evidence of good faith. You will be surprised at the benefit you will receive even in so short a period, but in the remote chance of your feeling that any reason dissatisfied with the results kindly send back the apparatus, when your money will be returned in full. Fill in the Coupon A. and post to us to-day. Applications are attended to in rotation of receipt.

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Name .....
Address .....
.....
My [illegible] .. .. Sex.. .. .. ..
Chest (under bust) measurement.. .. Hips .. .. ..
(between) .. .. Arms .. .. ..
If [illegible] with any organic defects or deficiencies [illegible] kindly give details in a letter.

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